

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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A CHRISTMAS BEACON.

I'VE said, twenty times, and I'll say it again, that of all the unreasonable quarrels that ever was, that was the unreasonablest. It's odd how small things look, when you get far enough away from 'em. Put a few miles o' water betwixt you and the shore, and you can't tell jagged rocks from a spring medder.

But I'm beat when I think that an old fisherman like me, that had been in the business so long that he couldn't tell the smell of a mackerel-barrel from cologne-water, should 'a' cut loose from his best friend, all along of the place where a fish-house was to be anchored.

But I will say that, in the beginning, it was all the fault o' my Cousin Maria Jane. You see, Maria Jane, she came over from the mainland visitin' that summer, and she talked Melissy—that's my wife—into the notion of takin' summer boarders. She allowed that we could spare the two front rooms up-stairs, nigh as well as not, and bein' as city folks mostly want fish and such things to eat, what we took for board' would be pretty near clear gain. I was rather pleased with the plan myself, for since whalin' had got to be less profitable, we didn't have overmuch ready money in the house.

Well, Maria Jane had got an advertisement all wrote out to send to one of the Boston papers by the next mail, when who should we see but Skipper Ben Wilkins, and a carpenter with him, headin' for a strip o' land that he owned down alongshore, a piece below our house.

Now Ben Wilkins and I had known one another, boy and man, for over forty years. We'd sailed in the same ship when we were young fellows, the girls we married were fast friends, we'd built our houses on lots o' land adjoinin', and—if a body could put any faith in signs—my daughter Prudence and Wilkins's Joe hadn't any intentions of allowing the friendship to cool off between the families. As to this last, Melissy and I was pleased enough, for Joe was as likely a young fellow as there was along the coast, and brave as a lion. Why, he had the Humane Society's medal for life-saving before he was eighteen years old.

But, as I was sayin', Skipper Ben and the carpenter walked up and down that piece o' land that mornin', appearing to be takin' no end of reckonings, and by and by the carpenter whipped out a measurin'-line and pounded some pegs into the ground.

"What on earth is Skipper Ben goin' to do?" said my wife.

"Why, mother," said Prue, "Joe was sayin'"—Prue had a soft voice naterally, but when she named "Joe," it seemed to be softer than ever—"Joe was sayin' that his father meant to put up a new fish-house. Most likely they're stakin' it out."

Maria Jane give such a snort, that, if I hadn't known that she wasn't a hystericky woman, I'd been right down scared.

"A fish-house!" she screamed. "Well, I must say that's a neighborly action!"

"Why, Maria Jane, what's the matter?" says I.

"Matter?" says she. "I guess you'll find out what's the matter, when Melissy tries to get her summer boarders. Folks like that choose their own perfumery. They don't pay seven dollars a week to have a fish-house under their noses."

"You're right there, Maria Jane," says I, beginning to feel riled myself.

"But it's Captain Wilkins's own land, father," put in Prue.

"Well, folks haven't any right to put nuisances on their 'own land,' have they?" answered Maria Jane. "And hasn't Ben Wilkins got more land down below his own house? Why don't he set his fish-house there, I'd like to know?"

"Why, Cousin Maria, it's all rocks down there," said Prue, again.

"Prudence Pinkham," said Maria Jane, "anybody can see with half an eye why *you* stand up for the Wilkinsons against your own father and mother! You may say what you're a-minter, but I call it a downright insult. Ben Wilkins aint a fool. Did he ever mention to you what he was a-goin' to do, Cousin Joshua?"

"Never," says I.

"Well, don't that show that he was doin' what he knew he'd ought to be ashamed of? Let's see, now. Figgers won't lie, they say. Suppose Melissy was to have a couple o' boarders for ten weeks in the summer. Twice seven's fourteen, and ten times fourteen is a hundred and forty. A hundred and forty dollars a year clear cash, out of your pocket, all along o' that fish-house. I tell you, Cousin Joshua, if *I* was a man and stood in *your* shoes, I'd just go down to the shore this blessed minute and tell Ben Wilkins what I thought of him."

"I believe I will!" says I. Somehow, that kalkilation about the hundred and forty dollars had took right hold of me.

"*Father!*" says Prue, and she laid her hand on my arm. I turned around and

looked at her. Her face was scarlet, and her chin all a-quiver. I don't rightly know why it was, for I set my eyes by Prue, but somehow the sight of her face angered me.

"Let me alone!" says I. "You needn't be dictatin' to your father." And I shook off her hand, and picked up my old oilskin hat, and started out.

Now, I wa'n't well that mornin'. I'd been havin' a smart siege of the rheumatiz for a week or more, and I was all over pains and aches. And if there's anything like the rhumatiz for makin' a man run afoul of himself and everybody else, I haven't heard tell of it. I tripped over a rock on my way down to the shore, and give my bad knee an awful twinge, and that didn't sweeten my temper any.

So, by the time I'd got within earshot of Skipper Ben, I was all ready to pitch into him as if I'd been Maria Jane herself. He was all struck of a heap at first, and tried to take it for a joke, but when he see that I was in dead earnest, he just riz right up, too. He was a proper pleasant man, ginerally, but awful stubborn and sot when his temper was up.

Well, I don't care to tell over what we said to one another. I've been ashamed enough of it since, but the end of it was that he swore that if he owned a forty-acre lot, he'd set his fish-house on that one spot, and nowhere else, and I told him that I didn't want him or any of his tribe—I said "*tribe*" real spiteful, for I knew how proud he was of Joe—ever to speak to me, or darken my doors again. Then I limped back home, and Ben, he went on measurin' along with the carpenter.

I said that was the end of it, but—bless your soul!—twa'n't only the beginnin'.

The fish-house was up and all ship-shape in less'n a week's time, and if there was any danger of my wrath a-coolin', I had only just to step to the window to set it a-boilin' over again.

Maria Jane sent the advertisement to the paper, as she'd laid out to do, but nobody answered it. Of course it was all along of the lateness of the season, but nothwithstanding we blamed it all on Skipper Ben and the fish-house.

Joe Wilkins was away mackerel-fishin', and I own that I felt a kind o' off my sea legs when I thought of him gettin' back to port, for I thought the world of Prue, and I couldn't help knowin' how the wind set in that quarter. But I just lashed myself to the mast, so to speak, and made up my mind never to give up the ship.

Somehow, 'twas masterful lonesome of evenin's. I hadn't sensed how unnatural it'd be not to have Skipper Ben droppin' in occasional, to smoke his pipe along with me, and spin yarns about old times on the Banks. But the lonesomer I got, the madder I was and the more determined.

I was walkin' down to the store, the mornin' after Joe's schooner come in, when who should I sight but Joe himself comin' up the hill to meet me. I kep' my eyes on the ground, as if I didn't see him, but he hailed me, an' come up with his hand out. I just looked at him without a word, an' put mine behind me.

Joe's face flushed clear to the roots of his hair—I could see the red creepin' up under the tan of his cheeks. Joe was a likely boy, as I said, but I never saw him look better than that minute.

"Captain Pinkham," says he, steppin' in front of me, for I was goin' along, "I've only just heard of this wretched trouble of yours and father's. You can't mean that you're goin' to mix me up with it?"

"Joe Wilkins," says I, "I'll tell you what I mean, I haint got nothin' against you, personally, except that you belong to your father, but I've sworn that neither me nor mine shall have anything more to do with him and his'n, and I'll keep my word!"

"But, Captain Pinkham," says he, "Prue and I—"

Then I flamed up.

"Stop right there!" says I. "You needn't name my daughter. If there's been anything betwixt you and her, it's come to an end. All I ask of you is to go your own road, and leave us to our'n."

"Well, then I won't!" says he, speakin' low, but with a face set as a rock. "Your house is your own, Captain Pinkham, you can drive me away from that, and I'll keep out, but nobody can take back Prue's promise but Prue herself. She belongs to me before God, and I'll take her if she'll go with me, though a thousand fathers stood at the door!"

I raised my hand to strike him, but he was gone, striding away up the hill as if the earth belonged to him.

I went home mad enough to choke. Prue stood in the door. I s'pose she saw that somethin' was wrong, for she looked powerful anxious. Somehow the sight of her riled me the more.

"Prue," says I, "I've just met that young upstart, Joe Wilkins, and he's been brazen enough to tell me that he'll marry you in spite of me."

"O father!" cries Prue, red as a poppy.

"Hush!" says I, in a voice like thunder, "I've got something to say to you. You can't say that I aint been a good father to you, but I'll be obeyed in my own house. You can choose between Joe Wilkins and your father and mother, for if you marry him, livin' or dyin', you're no child o' mine."

The red color faded out of Prue's cheeks and left 'em white as ashes. If she'd 'a' cried and took on I could 'a' borne it better, but her big brown eyes seemed to look right through me.

"Father," says she, "I've never disobeyed you, and I never will. I won't marry Joe without your consent, but I'll never marry anybody else as long as I live."

Then she turned around and went into the house and up-stairs.

Well, the fall and winter wore along, and it come on spring again. I was tired o' bein' anchored so long in port. Somehow home didn't seem natural. Melissy seemed to get sort o' sharp-spoken, and as for Prue, she was that pale and peaked that it angered me to look at her.

Well, the long and short of it was that I shipped captain of the "Emily Piper," for a nine months' voyage, and, queerly enough, the very next day after we weighed anchor Skipper Ben went, too, aboard the "Pelican."

I didn't set out to tell about the voyage, so I'll just pass that over and come toward the end of my story.

We'd allowed to be home a fortnight or so before Christmas, but bein' hindered by contrary winds, we were just about a day out o' port on the mornin' of the 24th of December. The sky was gray and threatenin', with a big bank of clouds rolled up to the eastward. We scented a tempest a-brewin', and sure enough before the day was over it was on us, and we scuddin' along for dear life under bare poles.

I never see a blacker night nor a worse gale. We'd passed the Cape light, with the ship driving before the wind and staggering like a drunken man. We could hear the roar of the East Ledge breakers, and knew that we might strike the rocks within ten minutes' time. I tell you 'twas sober business to think of going down into that icy water almost within hailin' distance of one's own door. A man can think of a good many things to once at a time like that, and in the very minute that I was shoutin' the orders through the trumpet I was studyin' not alone on Melissy and Prue—that was natural enough—but Skipper Ben and Joe.

All at once—just as I was givin' up hope—a great spire of flame shot up into the sky ahead. The wind seemed to catch it and fling it out like a flag. It blazed brighter and brighter, till it lit up the

whole shore and showed us our bearin's, and the awful danger. I yelled to the mate at the wheel who had just time to jam it hard down, and the "Emily Piper" rounded the rocks and slid into smooth water and we were saved.

But now comes the strangest part. It's no sailor's gamming but God's truth. A tremendous black shape loomed up off our stern and another ship, mainmast gone and sails in ribbons, made the point and came in just in our wake.

"Ahoy, there!" I called, and when the answer came back my knees shook under me and I was like to fall on the deck.

For it was the voice of Skipper Ben.

Well, nobody ever knew how the fish-house caught afire that night, but I've never doubted but 'twas ordered as much as if a coal o' fire from heaven had done it in the old Bible times. The embers hadn't done smokin' when Skipper Ben and I shook hands ashore.

And of all the Christmas days I ever see that was the humblest, and the thankfullest, and the gladdest, too, for it begun with prayers and praises—we old salts can pray, you know, through the lips of our wives and daughters—and it ended with a weddin'. Joe wouldn't wait.

"You might change your mind, Captain Pinkham," says he.

Prue didn't speak at all, but she laid her two soft arms around my old neck, and I could feel her heart beat against my breast.

So the minister came, and they stood up together—the handsomest couple alongshore.

When it was all over with—and the huggin' and kissin' and blessin'—Skipper Ben rose up and says he:

"Friends, I've got a little ready money laid by, and my present to the bride will be as pretty a cottage as Carpenter Gibbs can build, only provided it shall stand on the same spot where the old grudges burned up forever in the fire that lighted us to harbor and home!"

MARY A. F. STANSBURY.

AN "OLD MAID'S" LOVE.

HESTER BROOKFIELD closed and locked the door of the village school-house. It was a neat, white school-house, undisfigured by such hieroglyphics as village school-houses usually bear. The grass-plot in front was never stepped upon; its clean gravel walk and playground were always free from weeds; the palings were never off the fence; the gate never hung loose from its hinges, and Hester Brookfield, neat and quiet and prim, as she stood on the door-step seemed part and parcel of the place. "A born old maid," her townspeople called her before she was out of her "teens."

As she closed the gate and walked briskly down the echoing boardwalk toward the post-office, the stern lines about her mouth softened, the steady light in her dark-gray eyes changed to tremulous anxiety, and a faint color grew in her pale cheeks, but no one looked for signs of emotion in that passive face and no one noticed them. She peered in through the little delivery window with her usual quiet "good evening." The postmaster nodded, reached down a bundle of letters, shuffled them over, took one from the rest, looked at it carefully through his glasses and finally handed it to Hester. He did not look at her as he did so, or he must have noticed the sudden brightening and darkening again of her face like the flash of light from a window when a candle is carried past. At a glance she had seen that the letter bore the post-mark she looked for but an unfamiliar handwriting. She gave no further sign of her hope and disappointment but went on to her boarding-place, nodding pleasantly to such acquaintances as she met.

Even after she had entered her own room and shut herself in, she seemed in no hurry to see what word the missive

brought. Was it habit or undefined fear that made her delay breaking the seal until she had slowly drawn off her gloves, removed her hat and coat and put all carefully away? At last she took up the letter and looked curiously at its awkward address, then suddenly crouched on the floor by the tiny stove and, tearing open the yellow envelope, snatched out the letter and read eagerly, hungrily, her whole manner changed. It was brief and bitter enough.

"MISS BROOKFIELD:

"John Doane got hurt in the mine—hurt bad. that's why he don't rite. he ast me to rite and let you kno. there ant no doctor here and i am afrade he won't pull thro.

"Yours Truly,

"JIM SMITH."

Hester's face grew white and set. She did not weep nor cry out, only sat there very still, with a strange far-away look in her eyes. Tea-time came, but if she heard the tinkle of the little bell, she made no sign, though it rang the third time. Then Mrs. Simpson came and rapped gently at the door. Mechanically Hester bade her "come in," and when she asked rather anxiously whether she would not come to tea, abruptly answered "no." For the first time in her life she had been guilty of rudeness. The fire went out; darkness came; still Hester crouched there silent, motionless, far into the night. Then she rose, numb with cold, lighted her little lamp and went miserably to bed.

Hester had been an only child and her father died when she was very young, leaving a scanty income on which she and her mother had made shift to live until Hester had obtained sufficient education

to teach the village school. Then the mother, too, had died and since Hester had boarded with Mrs. Simpson and taught the Smithville school. She was one of those shy, sensitive persons who, like the sensitive plant, shrink away and fold themselves within themselves at the slightest touch. This extreme reserve prevented her making friends of those about her. Her mother had been a fretful, exacting invalid, but she had been some one of her own to cling to and care for, and at her death Hester's already lonely life became doubly so. She opened her heart neither to sympathizing neighbors nor the bright, loving little children in her care, but hugged her grief and brooded over it in bitter silence until John Doane, the handsomest, jolliest, warmest-hearted fellow in Smithville, came to her a-wooing. People said "they were so unsuited to each other," and "Hester was cut out for an old maid," but "people" did not know. The two were each the other's complement. His sunny nature thawed Hester's frozen heart and he found the stream pent in its narrow channel clear and deep and strong. All the love of her life garnered in her soul and waiting for some one was poured out upon him, and he in turn woke to the seriousness of life; his character was strengthened and intensified.

After a few blissful months such as true lovers only know, and which made earth paradise to Hester, John decided that Smithville was no place for a rising young man, and turned his face to the West. For two years he had been in Colorado, working as a common miner until he had made a little stake; then prospecting, and last working a mine of his own, which gave rich promise, but which he could not develop without capital. In the spring when the range opened, so he had written Hester, he would sell a half interest in the mine to a capitalist who had examined it, and then he would come for her. Then came a long silence, then the brief misspelled

note that had turned the light of her gladness to darkness. Yet the morning found her, outwardly at least, her old self, quiet, self-possessed, ready for action. By sunrise on that black December morning her few possessions were set in order and she was ready for a long journey. At breakfast she told Mrs. Simpson only that she was called away suddenly and might be absent some time. Then she went to the school-house and wrote upon the black-board:

"Called away by urgent business. A substitute must be found."

And leaving no farewell, no hint of where or why she went, she hurried away to catch the morning train for B——, the county seat. There she drew from the bank the little sum she had saved during the six years she had taught, how meager it seemed as the reward for all that weary work, and began the long, lonely journey. How wearisome, how interminable it seemed with that leaden burden of anxiety as her only companion. Half the burden seemed to roll away when she found herself at last walking up the steep narrow street of the little mountain town at the terminus of the railroad. The sky arched over her more intensely blue than she had ever known it. The sun shone bright and warm as in early autumn. The mountains towered above her in grandeur and strength, the mountains on whose opposite slope her lover awaited her. In spirit she was already with him, she saw his face light up with pleasure at her coming. To-morrow, only to-morrow, the dear dream would be reality. The beauty, peace, and strength of that noon-day in the mountains sank into her soul. In after years she looked back to that hour as a brief respite from grief that loosened the tension of her heart-strings, and kept them from snapping asunder.

She walked on to the little house to which she had been directed, and knocked

at its door. It was opened by the stage-driver's wife.

"Yes," she replied, in answer to Hester's questions, "the stage went out that afternoon. They stayed at the 'Summit' over night, and got to Decatur next day. It was bad goin'. There hadn't been any passengers over for some time. Dr. Blank was the best doctor in town, but she'd no idea Hester could get him to go over there with her. Yes, she could eat dinner at her house; it was most ready."

Hester thanked her, and hurrying off, found the doctor, and, after much persuading, won from him a promise to accompany her. She hurried back to the stage-driver's house and made a pretense of eating her dinner. She wondered when the driver's wife brought out an armful of shawls and blankets, and insisted on wrapping them about her that bright, warm day, yet submitted lest she should delay, even for a moment, the "stage," a light express wagon, waiting at the door. The doctor was in his place, and Hester was soon beside him, and their journey across the "main range of the Rockies" begun.

Suddenly a cloud obscured the sun and a cold, piercing wind blew down from the snow-fields above. Warmth and brightness had fled, cold and shadow had fallen again upon Hester's life.

That was a fearful climb along narrow roads clinging to the mountain side, where any carelessness of the driver, any weakness of the equipage would have hurled them over a precipice or sent them rolling down the mountain side to certain death. With every mile of ascent the wind grew more piercing, the day darker. When they entered the pine forests they were somewhat sheltered from the wind, but the dark pines were sombre companions. Several trifling accidents retarded their progress, and it was dusk when they reached the snow. There, at a deserted station, whose empty log cabins added to the dreariness of it all, they were trans-

ferred to a small sled, and so struggled on for hours through darkness and bitter cold, their lives in constant danger. It was like an awful nightmare to Hester. She seemed struggling with insurmountable obstacles. At times she seemed to hear her lover calling her, to see him fainting, dying, and she so near, yet unable to reach him. In vain the doctor strove to rouse and cheer her; his words fell upon deaf ears. She was oblivious to her surroundings. Her mind was turned inward.

It was nearly midnight when she was carried, too numb and cramped to move, into the House at the Summit. There were women there, the landlady and her sister, and they did what they could to minister to her comfort. Silently she accepted their kindly attention, wondering vaguely at their presence in this lonely isolated spot, as they wondered at hers, and glad when they left her alone. All night she lay there listening to the wind shrieking round the lonely house. The fine dry snow sifted through the loose-fitting windows and fell like the cold fingers of death upon her face. She longed for, yet dreaded the coming of the day which would bring her unspeakable joy or life-long sorrow. It dawned at last. The driver said "the drifts would be awful after last night's blow." The women kindly urged Hester to stay with them for a few days until she should be rested and the road, perhaps, better. Rest? There could be no rest for her save at her lover's side in life or death.

They had toiled slowly, painfully up the mountains, but their little sled fairly flew down, gliding along the verge of dizzy abysses, making such sudden turns in following the zigzag road that its occupants clung with difficulty to their places. The wind whistled past them, stinging their faces with its burden of fine sharp snow.

It was late afternoon when they reached the mining camp which was their goal.

"Do you know John Doane?" asked Hester, of the driver.

"Sartain I do," was the answer, "he got hurt in the mines quite awhile back. Hurt bad. He was puttin' in a blast and—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Hester. "I wish to go to him. Do you know in which house he lives?"

"Sartain, sartain. He's a bachin' with Jim Smith. Good fellow, Jim, been takin' awful good care of John. Shall I leave yer grip here or take it over to the hotel."

"Take it over there," said Hester, as the doctor helped her from the sleigh. And the driver lifted his hat and drove on to the log building bearing that title in huge letters on a sign running along its ridgepole.

The doctor knocked at the door of the cabin. It was opened by a large, burly man in overalls, his face so long unshaven one could judge nothing of its expression.

"Are you Jim Smith?" asked Hester.

The man looked at her in utter silence for a moment as though bewildered by her presence there.

"Yes," he said, having recovered somewhat from his surprise, "I'm Jim Smith. Who be you?" He spoke in a low, strained voice as though afraid of waking some one within.

"I am Hester Brookfield, the person to whom you wrote. I have brought a doctor to John Doane."

The man who had been holding the door partly open came out and closed it behind him.

"See here, miss," he began, then hesitated, turning his eyes from her pale, drawn face, and biting his lip.

"What is it? Speak!" cried she, going close to him and grasping his arm.

He looked down into the white face with its parted lips and dilating eyes. He could not tell her the truth. She read it

in his troubled face and the quick turning of his eyes from hers. Rushing past him, she entered the cabin and softly closed the door. There in the midst of that cold, bare room, on a rough pine board supported by two broken chairs, lay all that was mortal of the one being in the world in whom all the love and hope and joy of her life had centered. She drew back the white covering from the rigid face and knelt beside her dead in silent agony. Night was falling and the room was full of shadows, only the white-draped figure and still pale face were visible through its gloom. It seemed to Hester the whole universe was dark and empty save for herself with her dear dead love. Peace fell upon her and a sense of his near living presence stole into her grief-torn soul. She bent and kissed the unresponsive lips, then rose and with clasped hands stretched to heaven, cried out: "God give me strength." Her lover had gone from her, but his love, his spirit, were with her still, and remained with her, sweet comfort, till the end of life.

She never left the lonely hamlet where he died. Her love had been her life and she dedicated her sad life to loving deeds. She taught the little school to supply the needs of the body and "went about doing good."

Not a man was mangled by the accidents so frequent in mines but Hester, like some sweet sister of charity, in her plain black dress, with its narrow white band at neck and wrists, ministered at his bedside. No baby came to the lonely scattered cabins for miles about but Hester gave it welcome. No child tossed with fever, or cried with pain but her cool hand and gentle voice soothed it. So she grew to be an "old maid," as her neighbors had prophesied she would, but an old maid enshrined a saint in the hearts of those rough miners and their lonely wives.

FRANCES DEAN.

A BIT OF CHRISTMAS BRIGHTNESS.

"PULL the shawl closter up to your neck, Dolly. The wind cuts up this 'ere street like fury, but it'll be warmer soon as we turn into the avynoo, where all the stores is; 'taint very fur now."

"An' is everything jest lovely, Jeddie?"

"Lovely? my sakes alive, I guess you'll think so! I aint seen nothin' to beat it in years an' years!"

Jeddie was just eleven years old, so it will be seen at once that he was an authority on Christmas displays and decorations; and his seven-year-old sister looked up to him, and treated his superior wisdom with becoming reverence.

Besides being so old, Jeddie was in business "down-town;" and it was an especial treat that he had set apart this afternoon before Christmas to take Dolly out to see the sights; and already the cloudy day had grown so dark that the lights were turned on, adding the last touch to the beauty of the holiday display.

Presently they turned into Sixth Avenue where it seemed there was no room for them, small as they were, for such throngs of people were surging up and down, and crowding out and in the stores, and burdened and hampered with packages large and small—unwieldy and awkward many of them—such a crowd as would have utterly appalled one not used to picking their way through difficulties, or not endowed with courage.

But every one was good-natured, and bore the unavoidable jostlings and collisions without a murmur; and Jeddie was so used to finding his way through frightful jams down-town, that he made an expert pilot, and Dolly, half-breathless, clung fast to his hand until they suc-

ceeded in squirming themselves close to a window which held a most dazzling profusion of contents.

Long they stood and gazed, making quaint comments to each other about the things, and then as openings served, made their way down the avenue from attraction to attraction. Jeddie forgot that his ears and toes and fingers were half-frozen, and Dolly forgot to keep the thin little shawl up around her throat, and over her little cold hands; she had lost the pin out soon after starting, and having no other, the shawl was continually slipping off her small shoulders. But what were all such small bodily discomforts when all the riches and wonders of the world were spread out before their dazzled eyes?

At last they reached Macy's, where, for weeks, a revolving panorama, including tableaux of "Cinderella" and the "Babes in the Wood" had held admiring crowds.

After much pushing and being pushed, and patient waiting, they managed to secure a position next the rail, and in spite of the cold pavement under their thinly-shod feet, and the keen wind sweeping mercilessly around the corner, the children were, for a time, perfectly happy.

But even pleasures weary one, and after awhile Jeddie drew his sister away from the brilliant window. The best of the treat was yet to come, but Dolly did not know that; she did not dream that they were going to do any shopping. Just to be allowed to *look* at the beautiful things filled the sum of her hope and expectation.

But Jeddie knew what was to come. Had he not been thinking and planning for it—yes, and working and saving for it these many days, ever since the first fore-

runners of the Christmas season appeared along the street? And this very day his little hoard had been increased, for a gentleman had given him a quarter for a simple errand.

Back they went up the avenue until they reached a window where they had lingered long on the way down, and which seemed to contain everything in the way of toys that a child's heart could desire.

"Now, Dolly, jest s'pose you wus goin' to hev somethin' out o' that 'ere winder, what'd you want most 'mong the small things?"

"Oh! my! I couldn't most choose, Jeddie, 'nless 'twas the dolly in the red hood—that one with the long lovely hair on her shoulders. See her? I guess I'd love her more'n anything. She's got jest the bluest eyes!"

"But s'pose she cost too much; what else you want?"

"Oh! I guess a picture book; one of 'em that's piled up there; they look real lovely an' big!"

"Well, come along in then; we'll buy one, mebbe."

"Why, Jeddie! you don't *mean* it! don't go inside; we aint got no right in sech places," pleaded Dolly, pulling at her brother's hand and frightened at his rash proposal.

"Come on; don't be sech a silly! I've got *lots* of money, an' jest as good right as anybody to buy things if I'm a mind ter." And Jeddie straightened himself up and marched in the store with all the conscious pride of a young millionaire; but the stiffness of his demeanor was soon taken out of him as a big basket loomed up in his face and some one trampled on his toes, and elbows and shoulders punched and crowded him on every side, while the heat of the confined air was smothering and the lights bewildering.

Dolly, close in his wake, was frightened and begged him to come back, but with a determined air he set his head like a bat-

tering-ram and fairly forced a passage through the crowd that choked the main passage-way and came out flushed but triumphant into a clearer space and soon reached a counter where toys were displayed in endless profusion.

"Here's dollies, lots of 'em; beauties, too, Sissy!"

"But these aint the one in the winder, Jeddie."

"They's jest as nice, though. What one you want? or had you ruther hev a book?"

"Oh! here she is—the dollie with long hair. Oh! if I could have her I'd pretty near hug her to death. But have you got any money to buy her? true's you live an' breathe, Jeddie?"

"I dunno! What'll her cost?" he queried of the shop-girl who finally noticed them.

"Forty cents—been reduced from seventy-five."

"Well, Sissy'll take her," he said, grandly, proceeding to count out the change from a dingy little wallet. "An' I dunno, mebbe she'll take something else. Oh! there's a music-box! don't you want that, too, Dolly?"

But Dolly was past speaking for wonder and delight, and could only gasp, "O Jeddie!"

So the mouth-organ, costing ten cents, was added to the purchase and sent up.

"Don't you want something yourself, my boy?" asked a strange but pleasant voice.

The children turned to look up into a smiling face, and the boy said, contentedly:

"Oh! no, sir; I don't want nothin'! I'm jest a buyin' some Christmas for my little sister."

"That's a nice thing to do; but now I'd like to buy some Christmas for you."

"Why, what fur? you aint got no call to."

"I haven't any little sister to buy for, you see," said the gentleman, persistently, reaching over and taking up a volume of *Chatterbox*.

"You may have this done up for the children," he said to the girl; "and this and this," picking up a four-bladed knife and a box containing a puzzlé-map.

"You know it's a pleasure to buy things for other folks at Christmas-time," said he to the astonished children while looking them over from head to feet. He had come out to buy some toys for his pampered nephews and nieces who were already burdened with a surplus of them as he told himself, but all the same they would be amazed and grief-stricken if Christmas should fail to bring them a new and varied supply.

He had happened to stand by the window while Jeddie and his sister were talking about the toys, and, amused and interested, he had followed them into the store and determined to divide his Christmas giving between those who needed it and those who did not.

When the packages came he said:

"Now, children, come with me across the store, and we'll look for something else."

Wonderingly they obeyed, and were soon before a counter on which a brilliant display of woollen goods were set forth, with a dapper young man in attendance, who stared at the richly-dressed gentleman and the forlorn-looking mites in his charge.

"Now, if you please, fit out this small couple with cap and hood and mittens."

The clerk obeyed with alacrity, and Dolly was told to take her choice of colors, which proved to be red, and her black eyes fairly danced as she felt the fluffy rim of the hood clinging around her face.

Then a bright plaid shawl was pinned about her shoulders and Jeddie was stowed inside of a brown cardigan jacket.

"Now, my little friends, you can take your packages and trot home, and may you have a merry Christmas! Oh! here's a quarter for a pound of candy; all youngsters love sweets; there's a store

right next to this. Now, good-night to you!"

Thus dismissed, the children, feeling as if they were in a sort of delicious dream, made their way out through a throng of humanity not one of whom could have been so filled with amazed joy as themselves, and the gentleman, as soon as they were lost sight of, remembered their poor little feet.

"Dear me! I ought to have bought them stockings and shoes, or rubbers, but it's too late now. However, I've put a bit of Christmas brightness into their lives."

A bit of brightness! Why, the children felt as if the whole world was full of it, and their hearts were full, and their arms were full, especially after the candy had been bought, and what a big package it was.

They turned down the cold, wind-swept street toward the river, near which was their squalid home. But they did not feel the cold much now. How could they through the soft wool clothes? and as for their feet, they had become thoroughly warmed in the hot store.

"I've got one more thing ter buy, down ter the groc'ry—it's a present fer mommy."

"Why, Jeddie! have you got some more money?"

"Yes; an' I'm goin' ter git 'er ten cents' wuth o' tea. Ye know nights w'en she comes hum tired out a-scrubbing, she says she ruther hev some tea than any other thing."

"An', Jeddie, I'm goin' ter give this shawl fur my present, it's jest as warm an' nice."

"Good fer you! an' won't we have a gay time a-showin' her all these 'ere things?"

The children did not know that the grocer, influenced by the kindly spirit that seems to rule the world in the Christmas season, had given them a double allowance of tea, but they did notice his

genial smile as he handed them each a nice apple.

They certainly had all they could carry now, and half-breathless they reached the top of the long stairways. Their mother was home and had a good fire with some potatoes boiling and some sausages frying, but she forgot her cooking in gazing at

her transformed children and trying to understand their story. And after it was all told, she had a bit of a surprise for them, and opening the cupboard showed them a plump yellow chicken which was to be their Christmas dinner, and they were all really too happy to eat their supper.

LILLIAN GREY.

CHRISTMAS JOY.

"WHAT means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted, clear and sweet,
"To day the Prince of Peace is born."

"What means this stir," the shepherds said,
"That brightness through the rocky glen?"
And angels answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years, and more,
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas! He seems so slow to come.

But it is said, in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds, then;
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, peace on earth, good-will to men!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THREE CHEERS FOR JACK HALLOWELL.

JACK HALLOWELL was getting along, everybody was finding it out, and everybody was rejoicing over it.

"Jack Hallowell," said the Doctor, folding the paper on his knee, and gazing pensively at the blooming flowers in the little yard. "Jack Hallowell, my dear, surely you remember him. His name is here at the end of a very clever article, a very cleverly-written article. A bright, pleasant boy, but the guardian was a rascal."

Mrs. Durwood paused a minute in her knitting.

"Jack Hallowell," she said, reflectively, "oh! yes! the boy with dark eyes who sang soprano in the choir."

"Yes," said the Doctor.

"*Jack Hallowell*, by Jove! I'm glad of it!"

The speaker, a young man of thirty or so, readjusted his eye-glasses, traded situations with his upper and lower legs, and perused, for a second time, the paragraph of word praises that honored the rising author. Then he repeated more heartily, if possible:

"Jack Hallowell, by Jove. I'm glad of it."

"Well?" queried his friend from the other end of the library-table, "do you want me to ask you who is Jack Hallowell? Fire ahead, Wils."

Wils laughed.

"He's an old school acquaintance," he explained. "He's coming on tremendous, writes for all the leading magazines."

Wils leaned back in his chair and laughed unrestrainedly.

"Comic?" said his friend.

"No, by Jove! I was thinking of Jack Hallowell the first time he dis-

tinguished himself. He was a puny fellow of about fifteen with the voice of a girl, and black eyes like a lady's, the boys declared. The fellows didn't take to him readily, but Joe Riggs, who was always up to mischief, pretended undying friendship, and followed him around like a dog. One half-holiday Joe got into a scrape with Brewster, the biggest bully on the place, and his screams for help brought quite a number of us around to the corner of the ice-house, nicknamed the whipping-post, where Brewster was threatening to lick his victim until his body was boneless. All of a sudden the boys perceived that there was a chance of deriving some fun from the situation, and Ned Mills, our orator, called in moving terms on Hallowell for the Lord's sake to come to the assistance of his friend. I do think that school-boys are, without exception, the meanest set of fellows on the face of the earth. You should have seen Hallowell" (here Wils roared), "there he stood, staring at us, with his face as pale as death, and his black eyes flashing. Evidently he had never seen a fight before.

"Pitch in Hallowell," we all shrieked, 'Brewster will half kill Riggs.'

"The next instant, as sure as I'm living, Hallowell was at him, arms and legs, and body and soul, and he never left off till Brewster was beat. Whew! didn't we cheer him, Joe Riggs nearly ruining his lungs, though he was wounded. After that Hallowell got along in the school, but his guardian cut up rough with his money, and he was obliged to strike out for himself pretty early. But read this paragraph, and you'll see that he went the right track."

The afternoon sunlight streamed into

the window of a little room, way up in a city lodging-house. It was a queer little room with a great deal of character about it, and one would not be satisfied with peeping in, but would wish to go ransacking. There was a flowing curtain caught back with a nondescript knot of red ribbon, and there was a glowing geranium flourishing in a pot on the sill. The bed was a lounge, and the quaint carved writing-desk had evidently gone through a dozen or so second-hand shops. There were two or three hanging book-shelves upon the wall, and there was a tall book-case in a corner. A little clock, tick, tick, ticking, was tantalizingly out of sight to the observer at the door. A large rug, disporting a tiger's head which didn't belong to it, covered the greater portion of the floor. Hopping cheerfully about the the rug was a green parrot, keeping up a perpetual chatter.

"Tick, tick, tick," sang the hidden clock.

"Go to work, go to work, go to work," croaked Polly.

There was a comfortable office-chair drawn up to the desk, and papers were scattered everywhere.

Seated in the large chair, with his arms resting idly on the desk, and the sunlight all over him, was Jack Hallowell. His black eyes had a gleam of pleasure in them, and his lips were parted in a rapt smile. The owner of the little room was "getting along."

Seven years, winter and summer, had found him right here. How the old desk had groaned under the weight of unavailable manuscripts crowding its drawers, and the young head bowed upon its lid! Now the world was beginning to smile. Not altogether as the people in the world imagined, bliss of that sort is not earth attainable. The hard work was not over by any means, nor all the anxiety, either, and a few of the sleepless nights, perhaps, were among the things to come. But there was

added to the hard work, and there was money in it.

Jack turned his smiling face to the geranium in the window, and gazed beyond it into the dazzling brightness of the sunlight. There was not one shred of bitterness in his heart, only a wonderful gladness there. He had worked for seven years, and now he was getting along.

He rummaged in a pigeon-hole of the old desk, and drew forth a number of bank-notes, and counted them carefully. He had taken them from the bank that morning.

For seven years he had spent the sultry summers near the city skies, and now he was going to take a vacation. He played a jubilant march on the top of the old desk, and then looked again at the sunlight. Green fields and fresh waters, and towering mountains, and deep, delicious shade, all these he saw in the sunlight, and more and more. Huge misshapen rocks covered with moss and dripping vines, an old farm-house wrapped in the sunlight and lost in the shade, a shrill clatter of morning birds, sheep browsing on the short stubble, a large orchard roaming over a hill or two with its quantity of red and yellow fruit.

Some one came up the stairs and handed him in his letters. There were four of them. He pounced upon one of them eagerly. It was slim, and he recognized the handwriting. He read this letter several times over, with a red glow on his cheeks. Even though a fellow is getting along he continues to relish a flattering-worded epistle that shows how an editor has been glad to retain his work. He placed the yellow check on the pile of bank-notes and put them all back in the pigeon-hole.

"That means a little farther down the river," he exclaimed.

Two of the letters were large and bulky. The young fellow smiled to think how once his heart would have ached at the sight. Now he was used to it. He would

try them elsewhere. They were both good. He shoved them carelessly into a drawer and picked up the fourth letter. It was a small letter and the handwriting was dainty. He could not puzzle out the post-mark. Then he opened it and read it.

The letter was from Mrs. Durwood, and in it she told him that the school and the old life were gone and she and the Doctor living in humble circumstances at the Farlow Road cottage off the turn-pike. The Doctor was old and feeble. If she could collect some of the debts that had never been paid it would be a great help to them. She had heard that Jack Hallowell was getting along, and although it was not his fault that his guardian had neglected to defray the expenses of his two years' schooling, nevertheless he had been the one to profit by it, and they had been the losers. The amount of the debt might be a very little to him and it would be a great deal to them.

The sunlight looked in at Jack Hallowell's sober face and then departed from the window. It was wonderful how soon the room grew dark.

Mrs. Durwood, the Doctor's wife, he remembered was a little woman with pretty eyes and a fine lace cap, a very fine lace cap, and a silk dress. She was always so kind to the boys when they were sick. He wondered if she wore the lace cap and the silk dress in the Farlow Road cottage, and how the Doctor managed without his library.

"But the debt is not *mine*," he said. "No law in the world could say that the debt is mine."

"You profited by it and the loss was *ours*."

How near him the Doctor's wife seemed. She had a glass of medicine in

her hand, and a silver spoon, and she was calling him "her boy."

"No law in the world could say that the debt is mine." Then with a half-sad smile he turned his thoughts deliberately to his coming vacation, and the mountains and the old farm-house and the river were goodly things to think of. Yes, he would think of them though he knew all the time how it would be.

The little room faded entirely away. The little clock ticked and ticked and struck its hours pertly though he did not hear. He was tramping through the woods, he was climbing the rocks, he was plunging into the river, he was floating along in the fisherman's boat that looked so heavy and did its work so lightly. He was resting mind and body, he was drinking in new life.

Such moments glide swiftly. He started up and half laughed. The little clock struck two.

"Two o'clock," he said, and laughed again. "I've had my vacation," he said. "The money will just be enough for the two years. I am glad I have it to send her."

He started across the room for his bed. It seemed to him that he must have been asleep, that he was not yet fully awake, for louder than the ticking of the little clock and louder than the town clock clanging its two strokes he could hear a swell of voices crying:

"Three cheers for Jack Hallowell, 'rah! 'rah! 'rah!'"

He stumbled over the tiger's head and sank down, clothes and all, on the lounge. He would take three hours' rest before morning. The poll parrot waked when he stumbled and croaked in a sleepy voice, "Go to work, go to work!"

LOUISE R. BAKER.

LETTERS FROM VANITY FAIR.

BARNES' CROSS ROADS, Sept. 10th.

DEAR EDITORS:—It certainly *is* "the unexpected that always happens."

After all my letters to you from my home in "Vanity Fair," here am I in this out-of-the-way place up in Vermont.

Isn't it queer how things do happen that you would never even have dreamed about?

And just to think what heaps of fun we made of poor Aunt Evaline and her heathenish clothes, and were all *so* ashamed of papa's having come from a place with such a plebian name as "Barnes' Cross Roads"! Well here I am—the very same Eva Thornton—living in that identical place myself, and what is more, I have no home at all now, except this despised old red farm-house of aunty's.

But I forget that you don't live in Vanity Fair, and so you have not heard a word of all the dreadful things that have happened to the Thornton family since I sent you my last letter.

Where *did* I leave off in that? It seems a hundred years, anyway, since I wrote it.

Oh! now I remember! It was just after my engagement to Bradley Ellinwood had been announced, and we were all in high feather getting ready to go to Bar Harbor. Such loads of pretty gowns as mamma had ordered for me, for "she was determined I should have an outfit worthy of my future station"—that is exactly what she said.

You know mamma always *could* talk like a book.

Well—it—that is what I am trying to tell you about—all happened about two weeks after Mr. Ellinwood sailed for Europe on the "Servia."

To tell you the plain truth, I was in the best of spirits after that, and not one bit sorry to have him gone; because, don't you know, when you've *got* to spend a whole lifetime with anybody it *is* nice to be rid of them for a little bit of a while before the long spell sets in. However, I behaved very well, indeed, for I tried to look gloomy, and promised to write very often and all that, and mamma she helped out by promising to take great care of me and not let me flirt at all, and ever so many other honeyed sort of things that she somehow always has at the tip of her tongue.

One afternoon we three, mamma, Blanche, and I had all gone to a tennis party at the Oldburys, who live about a mile out of town, and as we stayed for a little dance in the evening, we didn't get home until quite late.

When we rang the bell, Fred opened the door himself instead of James, the butler, and the boy looked so white and scared that mamma gave a cry at the first glimpse of his face.

"What is it? What has happened? Speak! Speak quickly! Where is your father?"

"Mamma! poor mamma!" and Fred put his arms around her as if he'd like to shield her, "get ready to hear very bad news! The bank has suspended! father has failed! and we are all ruined!"

I hope I'll never see such a face as mamma had when she heard these awful sentences. She turned perfectly scarlet and gasped for breath, then she shrieked out:

"I don't *believe* it! I *won't* believe it! Where is your father? let me go to *him*! he won't dare to tell me that he has ruined me and my children!" and she just tore off her bonnet and threw it upon the

floor and started up toward the library door.

"Stop! mother!" said Fred, sternly, and I never knew before that there was so much in the boy, for he looked positively manly, "you mustn't go to my father with any reproaches now. He has suffered enough, and it has nearly killed him already. I thought he would die an hour ago, and the doctor has been here and says that unless he's kept very quiet he will not answer for the consequences," and Fred looked around at us as if he "owned" the whole family.

Blanche and I were too stunned and bewildered to say anything, and by this time mamma had begun to cry aloud and to pity herself, and bemoan her hard fate.

"Children! you are beggars," she said to us. "Your father has beggared us all!"

Then I presume you will think I am a very undutiful daughter, but I just could not hear dear old daddy talked about in that way, and I spoke right up.

"Well, mamma, if papa has lost the money he certainly *made* it all, for aunty told us when she was here last winter that you begun life as poor as church mice."

Ordinarily mamma would have suppressed me for my impertinence, but she didn't at all, she only answered:

"It is all very well for *you*, Eva, not to feel the family trouble, as your own future is so secure. I'm thankful that *one* child is provided for."

The rest of that night is a perfect nightmare to look back upon. I don't like to recall it even enough to tell you about it.

After awhile Blanche and I went to papa; mamma in the meantime had gone off in the most violent hysterics, and we had worked over her with valerianate of ammonia and ether and all sorts of things.

Poor papa was lying on the library sofa looking so old and worn that it went to my heart to see him so pitiful. We knelt down beside him and just kissed and

kissed him on his cheeks and eyes, and even the bald place on the top of his head. Then he actually smiled.

"Poor dears," he said, "I struggled hard to save you from this blow, and your mother, too, but it *had* to come. The struggle is ended and I've gone under like many another man before me," and I saw two big tears come slowly out of his poor tired-looking eyes.

Of course we tried our best to comfort him and told him that so long as we had *him* we didn't care for all the old money in the world, and all that sort of thing, but we didn't any more comprehend what "failure" would mean to us than a couple of kittens.

Of course I haven't time to tell you all about it, but it seems papa had been in great financial straits for some time and had kept it from mamma and us, so we had just gone right on as usual, spending money and piling up the most fearful bills. Would you ever believe that our dressmaker's bill was five hundred dollars?

Ugh! I just positively hated the very sight of all those dainty muslins, India silks, and French crêpe gowns that were all ready to be packed for our summer campaign at Bar Harbor.

I tell you it was like going through a small "French Revolution." Everything nearly had to be sold. The carriage and horses went first and mamma's beautiful victoria; then we girls had a dog-cart and pony that had to go too. But the crowning mortification of all was a horrid, vulgar *auction* in our grand brownstone house on the Avenue right among all our fashionable friends. There was a frightful red flag hung from the second-story front window and all sorts of common people thronging the rooms all day long and examining and criticising and turning over all our dainty belongings.

You see, papa declared from the very first that *everything* but the barest necessities *had to go*; that he had done business like an honest man all these years and

that now he meant to *fail* like one. In vain poor mamma protested that he "owed a duty to his family."

"So I do," he answered, "and my very *first* duty to them is to see to it that nobody can have the right to say their father is a scoundrel."

"Oh!" wailed mamma, "if you had only deeded this house and furniture to me when I wanted you to."

"Thank the good Lord that I didn't," was his reply.

I do think mamma was a little too hard on poor daddy in those days, for she kept her bed a great deal of the time, and when she was up she cried and scolded and lamented and taunted till my only wonder was that he didn't go off and commit suicide. Over and over again she said that "it would kill her," but it didn't. Folks don't die of trouble, they just have to live and bear it. I've found *that* out together with ever so many other things.

Where was I? I've lost the thread of my story. Oh! I know. I was telling you about the day of the auction.

The few things that we were to keep were packed in the library where the "Steinway" that Aunt Evaline gave me for my name was, and there we three forlorn ones stayed all day long while the Goths and the Vandals swept through the rest of the house and, oh! what a day we *did* have.

Mamma, of course, wept and bewailed the whole time.

"Blanche will certainly have to go out as a nursery-maid," was one of her cheerful prophesies.

"Well, mamma, I shall do the best I can if it comes to that," was the poor child's brave answer.

"And what *are* we to do about Eva's wedding now? It will have to be quite private, I suppose; but, oh! isn't it a comfort to know that one child will be safe and happy?"

I was nearly frantic all day, for we could hear the rattling of money and the "going, going gone!" of the auctioneer,

and then Jane, the parlor-maid, came in and told us about ever so many of the girls in our own set who were in there and had bought some of our loveliest things.

Now I'll leave it to you if it wasn't rather "hard lines" for me to stand all this, and I in my first year in society, too.

What I hated most was about all the pretty things in my own room. I had *such* an exquisite brass set with blue hangings, and a little white marble "Clytie" in one corner of the room, and that lovely etching of the "Harvest Moon," besides ever so many other beautiful things.

Well, they all went, and then *we* went to a little shabby down-town boarding-house on a street I had never even *heard* of before.

There isn't a particle of use in harrowing you up by telling you how mamma fainted three times the day we moved, or how Peepy got into a fight with a small boot-black and himself got a black eye.

The whole thing was so unreal to me that I felt like the old woman in "Mother Goose," not exactly sure whether I was really myself or somebody else.

All this time that I am telling you about I hadn't written to Bradley Ellinwood at all. I hated to tell him about our family troubles, and besides I abominated writing letters any way, except, of course, these that I send you. It's a real relief to my mind that I can just pour out all my woes to *you*.

You know, I told you before that all of my trousseau had been arranged for and some of the things actually ordered, so, as I knew I was going to be married and go off to England, I didn't feel the same awful anxiety about the future that poor Blanche did.

She just *had* to do something to earn some money and *what* to do was the question.

I'll stop right here to say that I think it's an awful shame the way fashionable girls are brought up nowadays.

Now, I hate mannishness as much as anybody could. I just despise all this talk about women voting, and I think it is simply *disgusting* to see a girl tearing through the streets on a bicycle as they do out West.

But then girls ought to be taught something by which they can earn their salt if it is ever necessary. Now just see how it is with Blanche and me!

Papa spent a thousand dollars a year on us at Madame Veneering's, and we don't know one solitary thing well enough to teach it if our lives depended on it. Blanche thought at first of going into some of the shops to be a "saleslady," as they call them, and she actually went to a second-hand book-store and bought an arithmetic to learn how to make out accounts. O dear! it was worse than poor Dora in *David Copperfield*, for the figures never *would* come out right, and she had to give up that plan.

"I tell you what, Blanche," I said to her one day, "I mean to ask Bradley Ellinwood to invite you to go to England with us for a year."

"You'd better wait until you start yourself," was the tart reply.

Now I'm coming to the real *tragedy* part of my letter! Having one's father fail is dreadful enough, one would think, but *this*, that I shall tell you now is infinitely worse, as I know you'll say when you have heard it.

One day I heard papa's voice downstairs in the hall saying, "Where is Eva?" As it was only three o'clock in the day, and he never gets home until six, I knew in a minute that something had happened and I ran down to meet him. Without saying one word he drew me into the stuffy little parlor and shut the door.

Then my dear, tender-hearted, old "daddy" put both arms around me and held me right tight for a second before he spoke.

"Eva, my darling," he said, "I would give my life to save you from this crown-

ing humiliation, but I have *got* to tell you. Can you stand bad news, little Eva?"

By this time I was scared nearly to death, and cried out:

"Tell me quick, papa! I can stand anything if I've got you to help me," and I just clung to him like a little baby.

"Then read this," and he put an open letter into my hand.

I stared at the paper stupidly for a minute without at all taking it in, then I read it, and this was the letter:

"— STREET, LONDON,
Sept.—th, 1890.

"To Mr. William Thornton,

"DEAR SIR:—The very painful intelligence contained in your cablegram I had already been apprised of through friends in your city. Believe me when I say that in your financial reverses you have my most earnest sympathy. According to your request I communicate with you rather than your daughter in regard to a most unfortunate and delicate matter.

"The truth is that family complications, which I need not now explain, will absolutely compel me to remain in England for the next twelve months, and I have decided, after mature consideration, that under these circumstances, it will be best, both for Miss Eva and myself, that I should offer to release her from her engagement. Will you kindly express to her my deep regret at such an unfortunate termination of what has been to me one of the most valued friendships of my life, and may I beg that you will convey to Mrs. Thornton and the other members of your family my most profound regards.

"Believe me, my dear sir, most sincerely, etc.

"BRADLEY ELLINWOOD."

Now, haven't I told you all along that I wasn't one bit of a heroine? I can't act like the girls in the story-books if I try.

Here I was *jilted*, actually *jilted* by this Englishman on the eve of my mar-

riage, and I didn't faint, I didn't weep a single tear. I don't believe I even turned pale, but I just sprang up and threw my arms around papa's neck and laughed aloud like a maniac.

This scared him nearly to death, for he thought it had gone to my brain.

"Eva," he said, "my dearest child, be calm; try to bear it. I know it is a terrible ordeal for a girl like you, but don't give way, for the scoundrel was not worthy of you."

"Papa!" I cried, "don't *you* go and be a goose yourself! Don't you see that I am laughing for joy? Don't you know it is the best thing that ever happened to me? I don't love that horrid man, and I never did, and I'm glad to be free as I am, thank fortune!"

"No, Eva, say thank *God* instead," said papa, reverently. "I've lost my money, but this is compensation enough that you are saved from that miserable fortune-hunter. I suspected him all along, and cabled him of the crash a day or two after it came. I'd just like to get hold of the little wretch for about a minute;" and papa got up and strode up and down the dingy room looking quite ferocious.

"Now, daughter," he said, after I had calmed him down a little, "you just bring me the 'Koh-i-noor,'" as all the family called my engagement ring. "I want to send it back along with a small piece of my mind, so bring it right here and we'll finish up with the 'British Lion' while we are about it."

So I ran up-stairs and got the hateful old ring, and it is now, I hope, in its honorable owner's possession.

I had a perfectly *awful* time with mamma when I told her all about it.

"Poor, ruined child!" she called me all the time.

"But, mamma, I am *not* ruined, I am saved from marrying a detestable old fortune-hunter. I'm as happy as a lark to be

free from him, and I'd rather live all my life in this wretched 'flat,' and be my own self, just Eva Thornton, than to go back to our old home and have all the money again if I had to be engaged to that man."

"Misguided girl! what will become of you I don't know."

You see, mamma is enough to drive one frantic. If it wasn't for papa and Fred I'd feel like running away. You must know that poor old Fred has come to the front bravely in our troubles and stands by his father like a man.

He has got a place as clerk in a store, and papa—just think of it!—and he a bank president, is keeping books for a firm that he started in business years ago.

Just as the awful hot weather came on and everybody was off to the mountains or the seaside, and mamma was cheerfully predicting that we would all of us soon be down with cholera or malaria, here came another letter into the Thornton family that brought as much relief all around as Mr. Bradley Ellinwood's letter of release had to me.

This one was from Aunt Evaline, who lives on the old homestead farm up in Vermont.

"Send your whole family to me, William," she wrote; "what is mine is yours, now that you are in trouble. Let them all come up here to this old place where we were children together, and I'll try my best to make them comfortable."

I haven't seen papa look so much like himself since the crash came. Mamma grumbled of course, but had to give in for there was no other place to go to, and so we went—or rather we *came*, for I am writing you this letter from "Meadow Farm," as aunty's place is called. I declare, it is delightful here. Such air as we get! such butter! such chickens! such delicious raspberries and cream! I like it all, and so does Blanche and even mamma condescends to praise aunty's

fluffy rolls, and tea in the old-fashioned blue china cups that used to be Grand-ma Thornton's.

We girls have packed away all our city finery and got us some simple gingham, and we help aunty about the house and tramp the country roads over to our heart's content.

"Just look at Eva! she is covered with freckles," said mamma, "and her hands are as brown as a dairy-maid's!"

"Oh! let the child alone!" says aunty, "don't you remember how *you* used to like it yourself when you were a girl?"

There is an old gray horse here that is twenty-five years old if he is a day, and I have actually learned to "hitch him up," as they say here, before a little old buggy that has long ago seen its best days, and we drive up hill and down all about the country in the most independent manner imaginable.

One day, whom of all the folks that we left behind us in Vanity Fair should we happen to meet but Tom Smith?

Well, he was very gracious *this* time. You know how he just froze me when I met him not long after that horrid engagement was announced, but this time he was awfully nice to us both—more as he used to be before I left school—and he stopped and asked leave to present his friend, Dr. Cecil, who was riding with him. Then the two walked their horses beside our buggy all the way home and Tom said, "we will see you again soon I hope," and away they went. This was quite an adventure, for you must know that we had not seen a single young man since we came up here, and *you* know yourself that it does enliven things to have one or two nice looking ones around. And I was glad to find Tom Smith up here, for I do like him and can talk with him always without being made to feel that I am a regular little ignoramus; but all the same I was dreadfully embarrassed, for I felt as if Tom was thinking every

minute about that awful engagement of mine.

You must know that at Vanity Fair *nothing* is safe from the horrid newspapers, and everything had been published about me with a sensational heading.

"Prospective English and American alliance broken off!" etc. So I kept wondering every time he looked at me if he wasn't saying, "this is the girl who was *jilted*, she was going to marry him for his position, and he her for her money, and he has thrown her over!" But he didn't *look* as if he remembered anything disagreeable, only, you see, a thing like this makes a girl so terribly sensitive.

Well, that drive in the old buggy was the beginning of perfectly splendid times for both of us. Blanche is like another girl, and I don't believe she has thought of that worthless Frank Archer for weeks.

The two, Dr. Cecil and Tom, came to aunty's nearly every day, and I can see that he, the Doctor, is immensely taken with Blanche.

Of course we had to get out a few of our pretty gowns—organdies, mulls, and so on, now that we have company every evening, and we *do* have just the most charming times—we four. Dr. Cecil is the physician up here and has a large practice for a young man, and he has got such a good, strong, earnest face that you feel sure you could trust him implicitly.

Aunty says he is the idol of the whole neighborhood. Now I used to think that folks could never be in love the second time, but I see, now that I am older, that *that* is all nonsense. If a girl is mistaken in *one* man and finds out that he isn't worthy of her is that any reason why she should mope herself to death and never marry any one?

One thing is certain, Blanche isn't going to do that, for I believe she will be engaged to Dr. Cecil before very long. I quite forgot to explain how Tom Smith

happened to be up here this summer. Don't you remember, I told you that his father used to live up here where papa was raised? He is taking a month's vacation at his grandfather's, whose farm adjoins aunty's.

Such charming walks and drives as we have had. Such lovely flowers as find their way to us *you* never saw in your life. Sometimes I think it is almost a sin to be as happy as I am while poor papa and Fred are delving in the hot city, but I can't help it. I am young and the world looks so bright and I am so—so glad that I didn't marry that awful man.

Of course you might *know* that mamma made a fuss the very first time she found that aunty had asked Tom Smith here to tea.

"Evaline," she said, "I do wonder at you. I really do not care to have Eva thrown so much with plebeians, even if we have lost our money."

But aunty silenced her very soon.

"Maria, you know perfectly well that as to *family* the Smiths might have very serious objections to ours, for Tom Smith's mother belongs to one of the oldest and best families of South Carolina, and as to the boy himself—he's genuine all the way through. I've known him from a baby and he's pure gold."

I could have hugged aunty for so promptly "sitting upon" mamma, for I like Tom ever so much myself.

I put down my pen and locked this letter up in my desk just six weeks ago, and now I know I am going to astonish you—that is, if you are not too wise and experienced to be astonished at *any* absurdity in a girl.

Well, I shall just confess it outright even at the risk of your flatly telling me that you don't want any more of my letters—I *am engaged again!*

I'm awfully afraid you will say, "She must be a fast little thing to be even think-

ing of such a thing not two months after one engagement was broken off."

But now listen, I'll tell you the truth. *I've liked Tom all along*, though I didn't know it myself until the other afternoon when he took me to drive and told me the whole thing. Would you ever believe it, that boy has been in love with me ever since that summer long ago when I was in short dresses and he danced with me down at Virginia Beach.

Yes, he declares it is the living truth, and he says when he heard I was going to marry the Englishman he was just perfectly *desperate*.

"But if all that is so why did you treat me so coldly on the street that day?" I said. Well, he has such a nice way of making things so smooth, and even *that* slight he explained so satisfactorily that I don't mind it any more, and now the whole thing is settled, and one year from this fall I am to marry Tom and we are going back to Vanity Fair to live, for he has already a very good practice in his profession.

I am almost certain, too, that Blanche and Dr. Cecil have come to an understanding, for I saw triumph in the Doctor's handsome face last night when he went away. What would you say if we were to have a double wedding here in the old red farm-house?

Poor mamma! I *am* a little sorry for her, for all the brilliant plans for us have come to naught.

"Just to think of it," she wailed, "that my two daughters have come up to the wilds of *Vermont* to find their husbands, and one of them has got to be just plain 'Mrs. Tom Smith.'"

Good-bye, dear Editors. If you ever want any more news from Vanity Fair just let me know, for I've no doubt I'll be "in the swim" there again, for Tom is very popular as a young lawyer and has hosts of friends.

Yours sincerely,

EVA THORNTON.

ALAS!

CHAPTER XVIII.

"SHE was perfectly right," says Amelia, speaking quite quietly; "it is astonishing that I should not have seen it; and it was child-stealing; you were barely twenty-one, and I—I was not very young for a woman even then—I was twenty-three. I ought to have known better."

Burgoyne is absolutely bereft of speech.

"However, it might have been much worse," continues Miss Wilson; "just think if I had overheard it, only after I had married you, when I knew that there was nothing but death that could rid you of me. I thank God I have heard it in time."

His throat is still too dry for him to speak; but he stretches out his arm to encircle her in a mute protest at that thanksgiving over her own shipwreck; but, for the first time in her life, she eludes his caress.

"Child-stealing," she repeats, under her breath, "and yet you seemed old for your age, you seemed so much in earnest; I think you really were"—a wistful pause—"and afterward, though of course I could not help seeing that I was not to you what you were to me, yet I thought—I hoped that if I waited—if I was patient—if no one else—no one more worthy of you came between us"—another and still wistfuller delay in her halting speech—"you might grow a little fond of me, out of long habit; I never expected you to be more than a little fond of me!"

He has entirely hidden his face in his two hands, so that she is without that index to guide her as to the effect produced by her words, and he continues completely silent.

It is with a half-choked sigh that she goes on:

"But you could not; I am not so unjust as not to know that you tried your best. Poor fellow! it must have been uphill work for you"—with a first touch of bitterness—"laboring to love me, for eight years; is it any wonder that you failed? and I was so thick-skinned, I did not see it—the '*hide of a hippopotamus*' indeed! There could not be a juster comparison; and now all I can do is to beg your pardon for having spoilt eight of your best years—*your best years*"—with slow iteration; "but come"—more lightly—"you have some very good ones left, too; you are still quite young; for a man you are quite young; the harm I have done you is not irreparable; I think"—with an accent of reproach—"you might ease my mind by telling me that the harm I have done you is not irreparable!"

Thus appealed to, it is impossible for him any longer to maintain his attitude of disguise and concealment. His hands must needs be withdrawn from before his face; and, as he turns that face toward her, she perceives, with astonishment, almost consternation, that there is an undoubted tear in each of his hard, gray eyes.

"And what about the harm I have done to you?" he asks under his breath, "what about the eight best years of *your* life?"

A look of affection so high and tender as to seem to remove her love out of the category of the mortal, dawns and grows in her wan face.

"Do not fret about them," she answers soothingly, "they were—they always will have been—the eight best years of my

life. They were full of good and pleasant things. Do not forget—I would not for worlds have you forget—I shall never forget myself—that they all came to me through you!”

At her words, most innocent as they are, a hot flush of shame rises to his forehead, as his memory presents to him the successive eras into which these eight good years had divided themselves; six months of headlong boyish passion; six months of cooling fever; and seven years of careless, intermittent, matter-of-course half-tenderness.

“Through me?” he repeats, with an accent of the deepest self-abasement; “you do not mean to be ironical, dear; you were never such a thing in your life; you could not be if you tried; but if you knew what a *sweep* you make me feel when you say the sort of thing you have just said!—and so it is all to come to an end, is it? Good as these eight years have been, you have had enough of them? You do not want any more like them?”

She says neither yes nor no. He remains unanswered, unless the faint smile about her drooped mouth can count for a reply.

“And all because you have heard some fool say that I was tired of you?”

The tight smile spreads a little wider, and invades her pale cheeks.

“Worse than tired! *sick! sick to death!*”

She is looking straight before her, at the landscape simmering in the climbing sun. Why should her gaze dwell any more upon him? She has renounced him, her eyes must fain renounce him, too. As he hears her words, as he watches her patient profile, the sole suffering thing in the universal morning joy, a great revulsion of feeling, a great compassion mixed with as large a remorse pours in torrents over his heart. These emotions are so strong that they make him deceive even himself as to their nature. It seems to him as if scales had suddenly fallen

from his eyes, showing him how profoundly he prizes the now departing good, telling him that life can neither ask nor give anything better than the undemanding, selfless, boundless love about to withdraw its shelter from him. His arm steals round her waist, and not once does it flash across his mind—as to his shame, be it spoken, it has often flashed before—what a long way it has to steal!

“Am I sick of you, Amelia?”

She makes no effort to release herself. It does him no harm that she should once more rest within his clasp. But she still looks straight before her, and says three times, with a sorrowful little head shake:

“Yes! *yes!* YES!”

He will compel her to look at him, his own Amelia. Have not all her tender looks been his for eight long years? He puts out his disengaged hand, and with it determinately turns her poor, quivering face round so as to meet his gaze.

“Am I sick of you, Amelia?”

In the emotion of the moment, it appears to him as if there were something almost ludicrously improbable and lying about that accusation, in which, when first brought against him, his guilty soul had admitted more than a grain of truth. Her faded eyes turn to his, like flowers to their sun; the veracity of his voice, and of his eager gray orbs—still softened from their habitual severity by the tears that had so lately wet them—making such a hope, as, five minutes ago, she had thought never again to cherish, leap into splendid life in her sick heart.

“Is it possible?” she murmurs, “do you mean—that you are *not!*”

They go down the hill hand in hand, her soul running over with a deep joy; and his occupied by an unfamiliar calm that is yet backed by an ache of remorse, and by—what else? That “*else*” he himself neither could nor would define. He spends the whole of that day with Amelia, both lunching and dining with

her and her family; a course which calls forth expressions of unaffected surprise, not at all tinctured with malice—unless it is in the case of Sybilla, who has never been partial to him—from each of them.

"We have been thinking that Jim was going to jilt you, Amelia!" Cecilia has said with graceful badinage; nor, strange to say, has she been at all offended when Jim has retorted, with equal grace and much superior ill-nature, that on such a subject no one could speak with more authority than she.

The large white stars are making the nightly sky almost as gorgeous as the day's departed majesty had done ere Jim finds himself back at his hotel. His intention of quietly retreating to his room is traversed by Byng, who, having been on the watch for him, springs up the stairs, three steps at a time, after him.

"Where have you been all day?" he inquires, impatiently.

"At the Anglo-Américain. I wonder you are not tired of asking the same question and receiving the same answer."

"I am not so sure that I should always receive the same answer," replies the other, with a forced laugh, "but stop a bit!"—seeing a decided quickening of speed in his friend's upward movements—"my mother is asking for you; she has been asking for you all the afternoon; she wants to speak to you before she goes."

"Goes?"

"Yes, she is off at seven o'clock to-morrow morning—back to England; she had a telegram to-day to say that her old aunt, the one who brought her up, has had a second stroke. No!"—seeing Jim begin to arrange his features in that shape of sympathy which we naturally assume on such occasions—"it is no case of great grief; the poor old woman has been quite silly ever since her last attack; but mother thinks that she ought to be there at—the end, to look after things, and so forth."

There is an alertness in the tone em-

ployed by Mrs. Byng's son in this account of the causes of her imminent departure, which, even if his thoughts had not already sprung in that direction, would have set Burgoyne thinking as to the mode in which the young man before him is likely to employ the liberty that his parent's absence will restore to him.

"I offered to go with her," says Byng, perhaps discerning a portion at least of his companion's disapprobation.

"And she refused?"

Byng looks down and begins to kick the banisters idly with one foot.

"Mother is so unselfish that it is always difficult to make out what she really wishes; but—but I do not quite see of what use I should be to her if I did go."

There is a moment's pause, then Burgoyne speaks in a dry, hortatory elder brother's voice:

"If you take my advice you will go home."

The disinterested counsel of wise elder brothers is not always taken in the spirit it merits, and there is no trace of docile acquiescence in Byng's

"Why?"

"Because, if you stay here, I think you will most likely get into mischief."

The young man's eyes give out a blue spark that looks rather like light.

"The same kind of mischief that you have been getting into during the past week?" he inquires, slowly.

The acquaintance with his movements evidenced by this last sentence, no less than the light they throw upon his own motives, stagger Jim to the extent of making him accept the sneer in total silence.

"I do not know what has happened to my mother," he says, lowering his voice; "she has been warning me against *them* again; I can't find that she has any reason to go upon, but she has taken a violent prejudice against *her*. She says that it is one of her instincts, and you—you have done nothing toward setting her right?"

"Why should I? it is no concern of mine."

"No concern of yours to stand by and see an angel's white robe besmirched by the foul mire of slander?" cries Byng, indignantly.

"When I come across such a disagreeable sight it will be time enough to decide whether I will interfere or not. At present I have not met with anything of the kind," returns he, resolutely putting an end to the dialogue by knocking at Mrs. Byng's portal, within which he is at once admitted.

The door of the bedroom communicating with the salon is open, and through it he sees the lady he has come to visit standing surrounded by all the uncomfortable litter that speaks of an imminent departure. She joins him at once, and, shutting the door behind her, sits down with a fagged air.

"I hear," he begins—"Willy tells me—I am very sorry to hear—"

"Oh! there is no great cause for sorrow," rejoins she, quickly, as if anxious to disclaim a grief which might be supposed to check or limit her conversation; "poor dear old aunty! the people who love her best could not wish to keep her in the state she has been in for the last year; oh! dear!"—sighing—"how very dismal the dregs of life are! do not you hope, Jim, that we shall die before we come to be 'happy releases?'"

"I do, indeed," replies he, gravely; "I expect to be sick—dead-sick of life long before I reach that stage of it."

"I never was so unwilling to leave any place in my life," she goes on presently, pursuing her own train of thought; "I do not know how to describe it—a sort of presentiment."

He smiles.

"And yet I do not think that there are any owls in the Piazza to hoot under your windows!"

"I am not at all happy about Willy."

"No?"

"It is not his health so much—his color is good, and his appetite not bad."

"I never heard of any one who had a better."

"But he is not himself; there is something odd about him! Does not he strike you as odd?"

"Odd?" repeats Burgoyne, slowly, "it would never have occurred to me that Willy was odd."

"I do not half like leaving him here by himself."

"By himself? You count me as no one then?"

"Oh! yes, I do—I count you as a great deal; that is why I was so anxious to speak to you before I went; of course I do not expect you to take upon yourself the whole responsibility of him, but you might keep an eye upon him."

He shrugs his shoulders.

"It is his own generosity that I am afraid of—his self-sacrificing impulses. I am always in terror of his marrying some one out of pure good-nature, just to oblige her, just because she looked as if she wished it. Ever since Willy was in Eton jackets I have had a nightmare of his bringing me home as daughter-in-law some poor little governess with her nose through her veil and her fingers through her gloves!"

Burgoyne smiles, involuntarily, as a vision of Elizabeth's daintily clad hands flashes before his mental eye.

"I think you overrate his magnanimity; I never saw him at all tender to any one whose gloves were not beyond suspicion."

Mrs. Byng laughs, constrainedly.

"Well, if she has not holes in her gloves she may have holes in her reputation, which is worse."

Jim draws in his breath hard. The tug of war is coming, as the preceding leading remark, lugged in by the head and shoulders, sufficiently evidences.

"These Le Marchants—as they are friends of yours—I suppose that I ought not to say anything against them?"

"I am sure that you are too well-bred to do anything of the kind," replies he, precipitately, with a determined effort to stop her mouth with a compliment, which she is equally determined not to deserve.

"I do not think I am; I am only well-bred now and then, when it suits me; I am not going to be well-bred to-night."

"I am sorry to hear it."

"Whether they are friends of yours or not, I do not like them."

"I do not think that that matters much, either to you or to them."

"I have an instinct that they are adventuresses."

"I know for a certainty"—with growing warmth—"that they are nothing of the kind."

"Then why do not they go out anywhere?"

"Because they do not choose."

"Because no one asks them, more likely! Why were they so determined not to be introduced to me?"

"How can I tell? Perhaps"—with a wrathful laugh—"they did not like your looks!"

She echoes his false mirth with no inferior exasperation.

"Who is ill-bred now?"

Her tone calls him back to a sense of the puerility of his conduct.

"I!"—he replies, contritely—"undoubtedly I! but—"

"Do not apologize," interrupts she, "I like you for standing up for them if they are your friends; and I hope that you will do the same good office for me when some one sticks pins into me behind my back; but come now, let us be rational; surely we may talk quietly about them without insulting each other, may not we?"

"I do not know; we can try."

"I suppose that you are not so sensitive about them but that you can bear me to ask a few perfectly harmless questions."

He writhes.

"Of course! of course! what are they to me?—they are nothing to me!"

"Then you really will be doing me a great service if you tell me just exactly all you know about them, good and bad."

"All I know about them," replies Jim, "is that they were extremely kind to me ten years ago; that they had a beautiful place in Devonshire, and were universally loved and respected; I hear that they have let their place; so no doubt they are not so much loved and respected as they were; and now you know as much about the matter as I do!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THERE is very little sighing in the farewells made to Mrs. Byng by the two young men who see her off at the Florence Railway Station. Mrs. Byng herself has been too much occupied in manœuvring to get a few last private words with each of her escorts to have much time for sighing.

Her two companions do not at all aid her in her strategy; rather they show a tendency to unite in baffling her, hanging together round her like a body-guard, and effectually hindering the last words which she is pining to administer. Only once for a very few minutes does she succeed in out-witting them, when she dispatches Willy to the bookstall to buy papers for her—an errand from which he returns with an exasperating celerity. The instant that his back is turned, Mrs. Byng addresses her companion in an eager voice of hurry and prayer:

"You will keep an eye upon him?"

Silence.

"You will keep an eye on him—promise?"

"I do not know what 'keeping an eye upon him' means in your vocabulary; until I know, I will not promise."

"You will look after him; do, Jim?"

"My dear madam"—with irritation—"let me go and buy your papers; and, meanwhile urge *him* to look after *me*; I assure you that it is quite as necessary."

"Fiddlesticks, with your unimaginative, unemotional nature—"

"H'm!"

"Your head will always take care of your heart."

"Will it?"

"While he—promise me at least that, if you see him rushing to his ruin, you will telegraph to me?"

"Certainly, if you wish it; I will telegraph 'Willy rushing Ruin.' At five-and-twenty centimes a word, it will cost you sevenpence halfpenny; not dear at the price, is it?"

The mother reddens.

"You have become a very *mauvais plaisant* of late, Jim; oh! dear me! here he is back again, tiresome boy!"

He is glad that she is gone, and he is sorry that she is gone. He is remorseful at his gladness, and he is ashamed of his sorrow.

The step of youth is always light, but there is something aggressively springy in Byng's this morning; and though he does not *say* anything offensively cheerful, there is a ring in his voice that makes his kind friend long to hit him. He, the kind friend, is thankful when their ways part without his having done him any bodily violence.

"You are late, to-day," says Cecilia, as he enters the salon, giving him a nod of indifferent friendliness, while Sybilla crossly asks him to shut the door more quietly, and Amelia lays her hand lingeringly in his, with a silent smile of rapture; "we began to think you had had a relapse. I was just telling Amelia that the pace had been too good to last—ha! ha!"

"I have been seeing Mrs. Byng off," he replies, with that slight shade of awkwardness in his tone which has accompanied his every mention of the mother

or son since his explanation with his betrothed.

"Gone, is she?" says Sybilla with a somewhat ostentatious sigh of resentful relief; "well, I, for one, shall not cry. Perhaps, now that she is no longer here to monopolize him, we shall be allowed to see something more of that nice boy."

No one answers.

Sybilla perversely pursues the subject.

"I dare say that he has a delicacy about coming without a special invitation," she says, "where there is an invalid, but you might tell him that on my good days no one is more pleased to see their friends than I; you might tell him that on my good days Dr. Coldstream says it does not even send my temperature up!"

Again no one answers.

"You do not seem to be listening to what I am saying," cries Sybilla, fractionally, "will you please tell him, Jim?"

Jim lifts his heavy eyes from the ugly carpet on which they have been resting, and looks distastefully back at her.

"I do not think that I will, Sybilla," he replies, slowly, "I do not think he cares a straw whether your temperature goes up or down. I think that he does not come here because he has found metal more attractive elsewhere."

He makes this statement for no other reason than because it is so intensely unpleasant to him, because he realizes that he must have to face the fact it embodies, and present it not only to himself but to others. And each day that passes proves to him more and more conclusively that it *is* a fact. He asks Byng no questions as to the disposition of his day. He sees but little of him, having, indeed, changed the hours of his own breakfast and dinner in order to avoid having his appetite spoilt by the sight of so much unnecessary radiance opposite him; but he knocks up against him, flower-laden, at the Strozzi steps.

He has received from the young man's

mother a hasty letter, penciled in the train, not an hour after she had quitted him; another more leisurely, yet as anxious, from Turin; a third from Paris, and lastly a telegram from Charing Cross. All bear the same purport.

"Write; keep an eye upon him!"
"Write; keep an eye upon him!"
"Write!"

And yet, though a full week has passed, though he sees the son of his old ally drifting, faster than ever autumn leaf drifted on a flush October river, to the whirlpool she had dreaded for him, yet he sends her never a word.

The Florentine post goes out daily, bearing no tale of Byng's backslidings to his native land, and Jim, brushing past him, answering him curtly, never going nearer to the Piazza d'Azeglio than the Innocenti—a good long street off—devotes himself to the frantic prosecution of a suit long since won, to the conquest of a heart for eight weary years hopelessly, irrecoverably, pitifully his. His presence at the Anglo-Américain is so incessant, and his monopolizing of Amelia so unreasonable, that Sybilla—for the first time in her life really a little neglected—alternately runs up her pulse to 170 and drops it to 40.

"And then you wonder that I am anxious to be married," says Cecilia, accompanying her future brother-in-law to the door on the day on which the latter phenomenon has occurred, and wiping the angry tears from her plump cheeks. "Just think what my life will be when Amelia is gone, and though of course I shall be a great deal with her—she has promised that I shall be almost always with her" (Jim winces)—"yet of course it can't be the same thing as having a home of your own."

Cecilia can no longer accuse her future relation of any slackness in the matter of expeditions. There is something of fever in the way in which he arrives each morning, armed with some new plan for the

day, giving no one any peace until his project is carried out. It seems as if he must crowd into the last fortnight of Amelia's stay in Florence all the sight-seeing, all the junkets, all the enjoyment which ought to have been temperately spread over the eight years of their engagement.

One day—all nearer excursions being exhausted—they drive to Monte Senario, that sweet and silent spot, happily too far from Florence for the swarm of tourists to invade, where earth-weary men have set up a rest scarcely less dumb than the grave in a lonely monastery of the Order of La Trappe. At a very humble little house that has no air of an inn they leave the carriage, and climb up a rocky road, and through a perfumed pine-wood, to where the Trappist Monastery stands, in its perfect silence and isolation, on its hill-top, looking over its fir-woods at the ranges of the Apennines, lying one behind the other in the stillness of the summer day.

"I am told that one of the brothers is an Englishman; I did not hear his name, but he is certainly English," says Cecilia, as they mount the shallow, grass-grown steps to the monastery door. "If I send up word that I am a fellow-countrywoman, perhaps he will come out and speak to me; I am sure that it would be a very nice change for him, poor fellow!"

And it is the measure of the amount of Cecilia's acquaintance with the rules of the Order that it is only half in jest that she makes the suggestion. But she does not repeat it to the lay brother who stands civil yet prohibitory, at the top of the flight, and who, in answer to Burgoyne's halting questions as to where they may go, politely answers that they may go anywhere—anywhere, *outside*. So they wander aimlessly away.

Amelia has passed her hand through Jim's arm, and though she is very careful not to lean heavily upon him, yet the slight contact of her fingers keeps him

reminded that she is there. Perhaps it is as well, since to-day he is conscious of such a strange tendency to forget everything, past, present, and to come. To-day he feels as if it were absolutely impossible to him to experience either pleasure or pain, as if to hold Elizabeth in his own arms, or see her in Byng's, would be to him equally indifferent. His apathy in this latter respect is to be put to the test sooner than he expects. Not indeed that Elizabeth is lying in Byng's arms—it would be a gross misrepresentation to say so, she being, on the contrary, most decorously posed on a campstool when they come suddenly upon her and him in the course of their prowling round the inhospitable walls. She is sitting on her campstool, and he is lying on his face in the grass, just not touching her slim feet.

The advancing party perceive the couple advanced upon before the latter are aware of their nearness; long enough for the former to realize how very much *de trop* they will be, yet not long enough to enable them to escape unnoticed. Jim becomes aware of the very second at which Amelia recognizes the unconscious pair, by an involuntary pinch of her fingers upon his arm, which a moment later she hastily drops. His own first feeling on catching sight of them—no, not his *very* first—his very first is as if some one had run a darning-needle into his heart—but almost his first is to shout out to them in loud warning:

"Be on your guard! we are close to you!"

He will never forgive either himself or them if they ignorantly indulge in any endearment under his very eyes. But they do not. There are no interlacing arms to disentwine, nothing to make them spring apart when at length they look up and take in the fact of their invasion.

On hearing approaching footsteps, Byng rolls over on his back on the grass; on perceiving that most of the footsteps are those of ladies, he springs to his feet.

Elizabeth remains sitting on her campstool.

"What a coincidence!" cries Cecilia, breaking into a laugh.

They are all grateful to her for the remark, though there is no particular coincidence in the case. Burgoyne is conscious that Amelia is covertly observing him, and before he can check himself he has thrown over his shoulder at her one of those snubbing glances from which, for the last ten days, he has painstakingly refrained. It is not a happy moment to look at poor Amelia, as she has not yet cooled down from the heat of her climb through the fir-wood—a heat that translates itself into patchy flushes all over her face, not sparing even her forehead. Elizabeth is flushed too. She has not met Miss Wilson since she had declined Burgoyne's offer of bringing his betrothed to see her, and in her deprecating eyes there is a guilty recollection of this fact. But below the guilt and the deprecation what else is there in Elizabeth's eyes? What of splendid and startling and that comes but once in a lifetime? Rather than be obliged to give a name to that vague radiance, Jim turns his look back upon his own too glowing dear one.

"Did you come here all alone? You two, all alone? What fun!" asks Cecilia, with an air of delighted curiosity.

Again her companions inwardly thank her. It is the question that both—though with different degrees of eagerness—have been thirsting to ask.

"Alone?—oh! no!" replies Elizabeth. "My mother is here—she came with us; why, where is she?"—looking round with a startled air—"she was here a moment ago."

A grim smile curves Jim's mouth. It is evident that the unhappy Mrs. Le Marchant, worn out with her rôle of duenna, has slipped away without being missed by either of her companions.

"Mrs. Le Marchant was here a moment

ago," echoes Byng, addressing the company generally; "but she said she was a little stiff from sitting so long; she must be quite close by."

"I will go and look for her," says Elizabeth, confused, and rising from her rickety seat as she speaks; but Amelia, who is nearest to her, puts out a friendly hand in prohibition.

"Oh! do not stir," she cries, smiling kindly. "You look so comfortable. Let me go and search for Mrs. Le Marchant; I—I—should be afraid to sit down, I am so hot. I should like to find her; Cecilia will help me, and Mr. Byng will show us the way."

It is not always that generous actions meet their meed of gratitude from those for whose sake they are performed; and, though Burgoyne recognizes the magnanimity of his *fiancée's* line of conduct, thankfulness to her for it is not the feeling uppermost in his mind when a few moments later he finds himself standing in uneasy *tête-à-tête* over the seated Elizabeth.

"Will you sit down?" she asks, presently, adding with a low, timid laugh, "I do not know why I should invite you, as if this were my drawing-room."

He complies, taking care to occupy a quite different six feet of herbage from that which still bears the imprint of Byng's lengthy limbs.

"You have not been to see us for a long time," says Elizabeth, presently, in a small and diffident voice, after having waited until the probability of his speaking first has become a mere possibility, and even that a faint one.

He replies boldly, "No. Have you missed me very much?"

The woman addressed seems in no hurry to answer. She has drawn her narrow brown brows together, as if in the effort to hit truth in her nicest shade in her answer. Then she speaks with a sort of soft self-remonstrance:

"Oh! surely. I *must* have missed you

—you were so extraordinarily, so unaccountably kind to us!"

"You must have been very little used to kindness all your life," he says, with some brusqueness, "to be so disproportionately grateful for my trumpery civilities."

She hesitates a moment, then:

"You are right," she replies; "I have not received any great kindness in my life—justice, well, yes, I suppose so—but no, not very much mercy."

Her candid and composed admission of a need for mercy whets yet farther that pained curiosity which has always been one of the strongest elements in his uncomfortable interest in her. But the very sharpness of that interest makes him shy away awkwardly from the subject of her past.

"I always think," he says, "that there is something fatuous in a man's apologizing to a lady for not having been to see her, as if the loss were hers and not his."

"Is there? All the same I am sorry that you did not come."

This simple and unsophisticated implication of a liking for him would have warmed again the uneasy heart that her former speech had chilled had not he, under the superficial though genuine regret of her face, seen, still shining with steady lustre, that radiance which has a little been called forth by, as it can be dimmed by him or anything relating to him. And so he passes by in silence the expression of that sorrow which he bitterly knows to be so supportable.

"I suppose," says Elizabeth, presently, in a reflective tone, "that the fact is, when people are in your position—I mean on the brink of a great, deep happiness—they forget all lesser things?"

He snatches a hasty glance of suspicion at her. Is this her revenge for his neglect of her? But nothing can look more innocent or less ironical than her small profile.

"Perhaps."

"The big fish"—her little face breaking into one of her lovely smiles; which, by a turn of her head from side to side, she offers in its completeness to his gaze—"swallows up all the little gudgeons! Poor little gudgeons!"

"Poor little gudgeons!" he echoes, stupidly, and then begins to laugh at his own wool-gathering.

"And now I suppose you will be going directly—going home?" pursues she, looking at him in his laughter with a soft surprise.

"I hope so; and—and—you, too?"

She gives a start, and the sky-colored nosegay in her hand drops into her lap.

"We—we? Why should *we* go home? We have nothing pleasant to go to, and"—looking round with a passionate relish at mountain, and suffused far plain, and sappy spring grass—"we are so well—so infinitely well here!" Then, pulling herself together and speaking in a more composed key, "but, yes, of course, we, too, shall go by and by; this cannot last forever—nothing lasts forever. That is the one thought that has kept me alive all these years, but now—"

She breaks off.

"But now?"

Even as he watches her, putting this echoed interrogation, he sees the radiance breaking through the cloud his question had gathered, as a very strong sun breaks through a very translucent exhalation.

"But now?" she repeats, vaguely, and smiling to herself, forgetful of his very presence beside her—"But now? Did I say, 'But now?' Ah, here they are back again!"

CHAPTER XX.

"I AM going to turn the tables on you," says Amelia next morning to her lover, after the usual endearments, which of late he has been conscientiously anxious not to scant or slur, have passed between them, very fairly executed by him, and adoringly accepted and returned by her; "you

are always arranging treats for me; now I have planned one for you!"

She looks so beaming with benevolent joy as she makes this statement that Jim stoops and drops an extra kiss—not in the bond—upon her lifted face. "Indeed, dear!" he answers, kindly, "I do not quite know what I have done to deserve it, but I hope it is a nice one."

"It is very nice—delightful."

"Delightful, eh?" echoes he, raising his brows, while a transient wonder crosses his mind as to what project she or any one else could suggest to him that at this juncture of his affairs could merit that epithet; "well, am I to guess what it is? or are you to tell me?"

Amelia's face still wears that smile of complacent confidence in having something pleasant to communicate which has puzzled her companion.

"We have never been at Vallombrosa, have we?" asks she.

"Never."

"Well, we are going there to-morrow."

"Are we? is that your treat?" inquires he, wondering what of peculiarly and distinctively festal for him this expedition may be supposed to have above all their former ones.

"And we are not going alone."

"There is nothing very exceptional in that; Cecilia is mostly good enough to lend us her company."

"I am not thinking of Cecilia; I have persuaded"—the benevolent smile broadening across her cheeks—"I have persuaded some friends of yours to join us."

It does not for an instant cross his mind either to doubt or to affect uncertainty as to who the friends of whom she speaks may be, but the suggestion is so profoundly unwelcome to him that not even the certainty of mortifying the unselfish creature before him can hinder him from showing it. Her countenance falls.

"You are not glad?" she asks, crestfallenly, "you are not pleased?"

It is impossible to him to say that he

is, and all that is left of him is to put his vexation into words that may be as little as possible fraught with disappointment to his poor hearer's ear.

"I—I—had rather have had you to myself."

"Would you really?" she asks, in the almost awed tones of one who, from being quite destitute, has had the Koh-i-noor put into his hand, and whose fingers are afraid to close over the mighty jewel; "would you, really? then I am sorry I asked them; but"—with intense wistfulness—"if you only knew how I long to give you a little pleasure, a little enjoyment—you who have given me so infinitely much."

If Miss Wilson was ever addicted to the figure of speech called irony, she might be supposed to be employing it now; but one glance at her simple face would show that it expressed nothing but adoring gratitude. Her one good fortnight has spread its radiant veil backward over her eight barren years.

He takes her hand, and passes the fingers across his lips, murmuring indistinctly and guiltily behind them:

"Do I really make you happy?"

"Do you?" echoes she, while the transfiguring tears well into her glorified pale eyes, "I should not have thought it possible that so much joy could have been packed into any fortnight as I have had crammed into mine!"

They have to set off to Vallombrosa at seven o'clock in the morning, an hour at which few of us are at either our cleverest, handsomest, or our best temper; nor is the party of six, either in its proportion of women to men—four to two—or in its component parts, a very well adjusted one. They are too numerous to be contained in one carriage, and are therefore divided into two separate bands—three and three. Whether by some manœuvre of the well-meaning Amelia, or by some scarcely fortunate accident, Burgoyne finds himself seated opposite to his be-

trothed and to Elizabeth; while Byng follows in the second vehicle as *vis à vis* to Cecilia and Mrs. Le Marchant. There is a general feeling of wrongness about the whole arrangement—a sense of mental discomfort equivalent to that physical one of having put on your clothes inside out, or your buttons into unanswering holes.

A very grave trio they drive along through the grave day. For it is, alas! a grave day—overcast, now turning to rain, now growing fair again awhile. Not a grain of Italy's summer curse, her choking white dust, assails their nostrils. It must have rained all night.

The road is level as far as Pontassieve, the town through which they roll, and then it begins to mount—mounts between garden-like hills, dressed in vine leaves and iris flowers, and the dull fire of red clover; while the stream twists in flowing companionship at the valley bottom, until they turn abruptly away from it, up into a steep and narrow valley, almost a gorge, and climb up and up one side of it, turning and winding continually to break the steepness of the ascent. However broken, it is steep still. But who would wish to pass at more than a foot's pace through this great sheet of lilac irises wrapping the mountain side, past this bean-field that greets the nostrils with its homely familiar perfume, along this wealthy bit of hedge, framed wholly of honeysuckle in flower. At sight of the latter Elizabeth gives a little cry.

"Oh! what honeysuckle. I must have some! I must get out! Tell him to stop!"

In a moment her commands are obeyed; in another moment Byng has sprung out of the second carriage and is standing beside her.

Burgoyne gets out of the carriage, but it is only to walk to the other one and assume Byng's vacated seat.

"Are you going to change places?" Amelia has asked, as he leaves her; and

he has given her hand a hasty pressure, and answered, affectionately :

"It will not be for long, dear ; but you know"—with an expressive glance, and what he hopes looks like a smile in the direction of the flower-gatherers—"fair play is a jewel !"

If his departure from the one vehicle is deplored, it is not welcomed at the other. Cecilia asks the same question as her sister had put, though the intonation is different.

"Are you going to change places?"—adding—"do not you think we did very well as we were?"

But probably he is too much occupied in wrestling with the stiff door to hear her, for he makes no answer beyond getting in. The only reward that he receives for his piece of self-sacrifice is a rapturous look of gratitude from Byng when he perceives the changed position of his affairs, and that recompense Jim had far rather have been without.

They are off again. Being now second in the little procession, Burgoyne has but meagre and difficult views of the first, but now and again, when the road describes an acuter angle than usual, he can by turning his whole body, under pretext of admiring the view, snatch a glimpse of all three occupants leaning their heads sociably together, evidently in bright light talk. After all he had deceived himself. It is he and not Amelia who had made her shy. Even when he cannot see her there come to his ears little wafts of laughter in which her voice is mixed. The sky's frown becomes more and more pronounced the higher they mount.

"Perhaps it will lift," Jim says, with a sort of dismal, unlikely hopefulness as he strains his eyes, trying to look down the straight, solemn fir aisles, with their files upon files of tall stems that seem to be seen only as if through a thick gauze. Neither of his companions has the spirit necessary to echo the supposition. The road winds endlessly, steeper and steeper up through the mist. The tired horses

step wearily, and the unfortunate pleasure-seekers are beginning to think that the muffled monotony of firs, of winding road, of painfully laboring horses will never end, when the vetturino turns round, with a smile on his fog-wet face, and says, "Vallombrosa !"

Under other circumstances the announcement might have been cheering, might have excited a poetic curiosity, but as it is, the hood of the vehicle—necessarily raised some miles back—is so far poked forward that nothing is to be seen but a pour of rain—the rain has begun to descend in torrents—a glass-door in a house-wall opening to admit them, and a waiter holding up a green umbrella to protect their descent. Neither he nor the landlord show any signs of mirth or wonder at their arrival among the clouds on such a day. They are used to mad Inglese. And among the mad Inglese themselves there is certainly no temptation to mad merriment. On such an occasion there is nothing to do but eat, so they lunch dismally in a long, bare dining-room, with a carpetless floor, a table laid for a grossly improbable number of guests, and a feeling of searching cold. Having spun out their scanty meal to the utmost limits of possibility, they pass into a funereal salon to which the waiter invites them. Some one makes the cheering announcement that they have as yet been here only half an hour, and that the horses must have two full hours to bait before there can be any question of beginning the return journey. They must go out. Perhaps even through this opaque cloud they may dimly see the mountain flowers growing, the mountain brooks dashing, which John Milton has told them that

"the Etrurian shades,
High over-arch'd imbower."

They all catch at the suggestion when made by Byng, and presently sally forth to see as much of Vallombrosa as a close blanket of almost confluent rain, and as

umbrellas held well down over their cold noses, will let them; Mrs. Le Marchant alone declines to be one of the party, and is left sitting on a horse-hair chair in the salon until such time as her companions see fit to release her. It is no wonder that Burgoyne overhears her eagerly whispering to Elizabeth a request that she will not stay too long away. And Elizabeth, whose spirits have gone up like a rocket at the prospect of a taste of the fresh air, lays her little face, crowned with a deer-stalking cap, against her mother's and promises, and skips away.

At first they all five keep together, wet but sociable. They ask their way to the Paradiso, and set off climbing up through the fir-wood in the direction indicated; along a path which, in fair weather, must be heavenly with piny odors, but which is now only a miry alternative of dripping stones and muddy puddles. Through the mist they see, indeed, fair flowers gleaming, yellow anemones unfamiliar and lovely, but they are too drenched to pluck. The sound of falling water guides them to where the clear brook falls in little cascades down the hill's face between the pines. How delicious to sit on its flat stones some hot summer's noon, with your hands coolly straying among its grasses, or dabbling in its bright water; but to-day they can but look at it sadly from the low bridge, saying sighingly, "If!"

They reach the goal, some cross, and all floundering, the ladies with draggled skirts, and cold, dank ankles. The Paradiso is a little house, apparently also tenantless and empty. It is built on the bare rock, looking sheer down on—what? on a blanket of fog. What does, what can that maddening blanket conceal? Oh! if they could but tear it in pieces, rend it asunder, hack it with knives; by any means abolish its unsightly veil from over the lovely face, they will now, with all their climbing, all their early rising, never see! But will they not? Even as

they look, straining their eyes, in the vain effort to pierce that obscure and baffling veil, there is a movement in it, a stirring of the inert mass of vapor; a wind has risen, and is blowing coldly on their brows, and in a moment, as it seems, the maddening wet curtain is swept away and up, the hand of some spirit that has heard their lament and has pitied them and said, "They have come from afar; it is their only chance; let us show it to them." The curtain has rolled up and up, the sombre fir-wood starts out, and the emerald meadows, the lowest and nearest range of hills, then the next, and then the next, and then the furthest and highest of all. There they stand revealed, even the city, Florence, far away. They can make out her Duomo, small and dim with distance, yet certainly there; in the sudden effulgence all the valley alight and radiant. Range behind range stand the hills; belated vapor wreaths floating, thin as lawn, up their flanks; wonderful, dreamy patches of radiance on the far slopes; marvelous amethysts starring their breasts. Mystery and beauty, color and space, sky and lovely land, where, five minutes ago, there was nothing but choking fog. Burgoyne stands as in a trance, vaguely conscious that Elizabeth is near him; all his soul passed into his eyes; stands—how long? He hardly knows. Before that fair sight time seems dead; but even as he yet looks, smiling as one smiles at anything surpassingly lovely, the cloud-wreaths float downward again, wreaths at first, then great volumes, then one universal sheet of vapor impenetrably dense as before. Vanished are the Apennine slopes, sun-kissed and dreamy; vanished the distant Arno plain, vanished even the near pines. He can scarce see his hand before him. And yet he can see Elizabeth's face transfigured and quivering, lifted to his—yes, to *his*—though Byng is on her other side; her eyes full of tender tears of

ravishment, while her low voice says sighingly:

"It is gone; but we have seen it! Nothing can ever take that from us! nothing! nothing!"

And although the next moment she is re-absorbed into the fog and Byng, though

for the rest of the deplorable walk he scarce catches sight again of the little brown head and the soaked deer-stalking cap, yet it makes a gentle warmth about his chilled heart to think that, in her moments of highest emotion, it is her impulse to turn to him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HABIT OF VARIETY. The power of habit upon life can never be over-estimated, or the consequent importance which is thus attached to its formation in early years. Every time we think a thought, or make a resolve, or perform an action, there is a tendency within us to repeat it; and every repetition increases this tendency. Thus it is, and only thus, that we learn to walk, to read, to work, to perform all the customary actions of daily life; thus too we observe usages, conform to fashions, follow beaten paths in education, in business, in social life, in recreation, acquire lines of thought in certain directions, and even follow a somewhat stereotyped routine of duty with which we have become familiarized. With all this, as the years go on, there must gradually come a certain stiffness which contrasts strongly with the pliancy of childhood; and, after a certain period, it will be difficult to bend us into other ways as it is to make the trunk of an old oak incline at a different angle from that into which it has grown. Thus, if we must grow stiff, it is of the utmost importance that we grow stiff in the right way; or, in the words of another, "Since custom is the principal magistrate of a man's life, let men by all means endeavor to obtain good customs."

HOW TO REACH AND ENJOY OLD AGE. It is no simple matter, says the *Lancet*, to state in terms at all precise

what forces are directly connected with the production of hale and happy old age. More certainly is involved in the process than mere strength of constitution. Healthy surroundings, contentment, and active, temperate, and regular habits are most valuable aids. Hard work, so long at least as it is not carried beyond the limit necessary to permit of the timely repair of worn tissues, is not only a harmless but a conducive circumstance. It is, in fact, by living as far as possible a life in accordance with natural law that we may expect to reap the appropriate result in its prolongation.

SYMPATHY FOR THE UNSUCCESSFUL.

It is ungenerous to withhold an expression of sympathy for those who have failed in the accomplishment of great undertakings in which they have embarked all their pecuniary, physical, and intellectual resources. As a general rule, people are hardly considerate enough toward the unsuccessful. There is too great a disposition to forget their pluck and perseverance, and sneer at their trustfulness. We ought to bear in mind that it is this sublime audacity of faith to which we are indebted for the marvelous achievements of our age.

LAMP chimneys are easily cleaned by holding them over the steam from a tea-kettle, then rubbing with a soft cloth, and finally polishing with paper.

A BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS.

CHAPTER I.

THE junior partner of Richards & Harndon, iron merchants, sat alone in the private office of that firm, finishing his after-luncheon cigar.

It was very quiet and undisturbed inside; outside, however, there seemed noise and bustle enough, and from the window of the room its occupant could catch glimpses of a throng of quickly-moving people on the street below, each one apparently in great haste and all heavily burdened with bundles and parcels.

It was holiday-time, but as iron is not a commodity with which to fill up stockings or hang on Christmas trees, business had been very dull for several weeks past. For that reason, perhaps, the senior partner of Richards & Harndon had been rather variable, not to say derelict, in his accustomed daily appearances at the office. At any rate, the junior partner, Mr. Philip Harndon, was beginning to feel restive under his consequent close confinement.

"All holidays are a bore," he soliloquized, as he lighted a fresh cigar, "and they follow one another altogether too fast. Thanksgiving's 'break-up' isn't mended yet; business will all go to smash one of these days in consequence of these confounded interruptions to trade."

From his own selfish point of view, iron being the only "business" in the universe, the whole outside great world of exchange and barter was not to be considered for a moment.

"Socially?" he continued, as though answering an interrogating still small voice. "Socially? bah! it's a mere narrow, selfish, greedy wonder of 'What shall I get?' 'Who will invite me?'"

Clearly the happy, generous spirit of

Christmas was dormant in the heart of Mr. Philip Harndon.

It was a great pity that so fine a fellow in every other way should fall short just here, but the story of his early life must offer some excuse.

Orphaned at an early age, certain "crooked" executors on the part of his uncle guardian obliged him to buffet the world in a manner little imagined by his father. A happy chance, however, united with close industry, brought him a sudden turn of fortune, and while still a young man, he now found himself settled in business as junior partner of an old and prosperous firm.

His had not been a happy childhood. His little boyish stockings had never hung at the chimney corner bursting with bountiful bunches of good cheer; no Christmas tree had ever blossomed for him, to him the blessed Christ-child had not yet come.

To be sure, every year since he had been able to afford it, he had dutifully sent to each of his uncle's daughters—this same uncle having, somewhat grudgingly, helped him to his first fortunate venture some years after his majority—handsome holiday presents, but they were chosen by him for them, with no thought save that the gifts should be as expensive and elegant as would meet their fastidious approbation.

"How many Christmas gifts on your list, Harndon?" asked one of his gentleman friends as they met on the crowded street a week or so before holiday-time, the gentleman holding a lengthy list of names on his memorandum which he was consulting.

"Not any on mine, thank you," he replied, laughingly, as he walked on.

"No,—not one," he repeated to himself. "There actually isn't a person in the world for whom I would *care* to buy a Christmas gift."

This thought seemed to recur once more to Mr. Philip Harndon as he went on puffing away at his third cigar, alone in his office, for he suddenly soliloquized as he thrust his hands in his pockets and walked over toward the window and surveyed the surging panorama below:

"I wonder how it *feels* to have somebody one really desires to give a Christmas present to? To, in fact, have filled stockings and a trimmed tree and all that nonsense expected of you—from somebody."

Just here the door opened and the senior partner, Mr. Richards, came hurriedly in. His overcoat pockets seemed unusually bulging, and his arms were filled with numberless little packages. He looked a trifle annoyed at discovering his partner's presence, and said, brusquely:

"Hello! thought you'd ha' been gone an hour ago."

"Oh! no; business too pressing," replied Mr. Harndon, with a sarcastic smile, without turning from the window.

"Bother business! I've actually lost sight of market quotations for the last few days. Christmas-time, you know, Harndon, and—" (he seemed laboring under a fit of carefulness, but went on, hurriedly) "and you see—you know, Harndon, we've a boy at our house now, and it's *his* first Christmas." He finished the sentence proudly.

Harndon turned round now, and taking in the situation—and the explanation—remembered suddenly that he had heard some months before that "old Richards was actually a father."

It didn't seem already two years since he had officiated as usher at the wedding. The bride, he remembered, was a bright little girl, almost young enough to be Richard's daughter. He had been invited to the house once or twice since, and upon

one occasion to a "five-o'clock tea," when a young lady cousin of Mrs. Richards, he recollected, had "poured out," and whom he suspected had been set there to pour at him as well. He had never called after, and then some time afterward he heard of the arrival of a "boy," "the real *bona-fide* junior member of the firm," as Mr. Richards proudly announced to him one morning.

"A boy—the boy—oh! yes," replied Mr. Harndon, thinking at once he must be sure to make a note of remembering *his* Christmas gift. "How old is he now? would a bicycle please him, do you think?"

"A bicycle! why, man alive, what are you talking about? He's in long clothes, yet, nine months two weeks and five days old, and has four teeth—a bicycle!" and Mr. Richards sat down to his immoderate fit of laughter.

"Beg pardon, time flies so; didn't remember babies grow so. I didn't know really—"

"Of course you don't know. If you only *did*, Harndon," he continued, earnestly; "if you only *did*! you can't imagine how happy a man feels in having a home, and a wife and boy at Christmas-time. Why, I'm just reveling in buying things for the tree. Oh! he's got to have a tree and a stocking—two, one of his mother's and one of Cousin Mary's—if he can't have a bicycle. Just look here, Harndon, did you ever see anything cuter than that?"

The senior partner had unfastened one of his numerous parcels and stood dangling a bespangled jumping-jack.

The tableau was almost too much for Mr. Harndon's sense of humor, but the earnest, happy tone and expression of the delighted father kept him from bursting outright into a laugh at the ridiculous figure the man presented.

"And just look here a minute—a real steam-engine that will set half-a-dozen toys to work."

"But, Richards," laughingly interrupted Philip now, "it seems to me a boy nine months two weeks and five days old, with four teeth, could hardly manage a steam-engine. Why, that's worse than a bicycle."

"Ah! but the boy isn't to work it. I'll attend to that, and he will hear it whistle and see 'the wheels go round' and crow over it. Why, he crows like a chanticleer!"

"Oh! so he is only to see and hear. Does taste come in as one of his enjoyable senses yet? Perhaps I may be able to contribute toward the filling of the stockings—two you said, one of his mamma's, and the other?"

"Cousin Mary's, the young lady you met. Oh! look at this, Harndon," and another package was untied and the two men blew horns and tried whistles as delightedly as any child.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Mr. Harndon, as he assisted his partner to wrap up the precious things once more, "I don't know when I have enjoyed myself so innocently before! It really seems as though it was to be a merry Christmas, indeed, this year."

"Ah! it will be, I assure you. I say, Harndon, come around to our house to-morrow night and help us trim the tree; you're tall and can reach the top branches better than I. Come around, won't you?"

Mr. Harndon paused for a moment, then replied:

"Thanks, Richards, I believe I'd like to. May I bring some sweetmeats for the stockings?"

"Yes, but you mustn't buy anything green, or highly-flavored, Harndon; they would make him sick, mamma says; just plain white kinds, or striped—"

"Peppermint and hoarhound?" suggested Harndon, with childish remembrances.

"Well, yes; they sound, safe, and healthy; no green ones, however. Well, good-night, I must hurry home now, the

boy will be at the window looking for me. Look for you to-morrow night."

Mr. Harndon found himself whistling gayly as he walked briskly homeward that evening. He didn't know when he had felt so well, the air was just crisp and cold enough to be exhilarating, and really the shop windows were very well arranged.

He stopped before a brilliantly-lighted one, attracted by a very beautiful figure of the Christ-child and the star. He had seen one similar surmounting a Christmas tree in a foreign picture once, he remembered. He smiled to himself as the thought entered his mind, very much as it would have found place in that of the senior partner's:

"Wonder how the boy would like *that* for his tree?"

Answering the thought obediently, he went into the store at once and purchased both.

"Will you not look at some other things?" asked the pretty girl attendant. "We have a large assortment of Christmas articles suitable for young ladies, which, I am sure, would suit your taste," with an admiring smile.

"What else have you in the way of playthings for boys," he inquired, not noticing her coquettish glances or manner.

"How old is your boy?" she asked, pertly, in a sharper tone, feeling crushed by the stern paternal mien he had assumed.

He colored, replying rather awkwardly:

"No matter, I think I have all I want," and made for the door.

He grasped the box containing his purchase and walked on quickly. He wouldn't go to any more of the large stores for his Christmas-tree toys he decided. He would go to some of the little out-of-the-way streets, where there were no flirting-inclined salesladies in the establishments to either coquet with or laugh at him.

He came across such an one presently. It was in a cross street, and just now seemed bare of customers. Outside the

old-fashioned bow-window there stood a group of admiring poor little ones, to whose eyes the modest attractions of the window appeared most gorgeous.

"If ye could just wisht for any one o' 'em and git it, which'd it be?" asked one of the urchins, his turned-up nose flattened against the pane.

"Shure, an' I'd whisht for the spotted horse with the saddle and bridle—g'lang!" enthusiastically replied one.

"Och! but it's I that'd loike the foine drum, it'd bate a big noise, shure!"

"An' wouldn't it be me to love the pretty dollie in her scarlet gown! but it's not for the loike of us, Barney, that such Christmas gifts comes," cried one of the little girls, in the pathos of poverty.

"Come in here with me, every one of you," said Mr. Harndon to the crowd. "You shall all have your wishes gratified."

They looked up at the strange gentleman of the still stranger speech, to discover if he were real, or did their ears deceive them?

"Come, you shall all have your wishes this Christmas," he repeated, as his eyes saw the incredulity in their faces. He led the way and they followed.

As the store door opened a little bell overhead tinkled a signal to the proprietress, a fat, jolly-looking old lady, who emerged from behind a curtained door in the rear.

She knew the children, evidently, for she smiled a curious welcome to them, but she stared at their strange, fine companion, whose generous and lavish orders she obediently fulfilled.

To each one he gave the object of their heart's choice and desire, and then, with scarce a "thank you" in words, but a world of gratitude in their bright, voluble chatter and happy faces, they hurried away.

He then looked about the store for his own purchases. There were all sorts of old-fashioned toys and things such as he

had wished for in his boyhood and never possessed. Funny little pink-sugared cakes, fearfully and wonderfully shaped into some resemblance to curious-looking animals with four legs. Boys and girls of the same unique style, and tin and wooden toys calculated to go round and rattle with a vim.

He thought they all had the very quintessence of Christmas in their smell and appearance, and he bought extravagantly, and in the wonder-eyed shopwoman's judgment, princely.

"Three dollars and seventy-five cents, sir," she said, after twice adding up the amount. She had evidently never sold in such wholesale, magnificent manner before, and the sum quite startled her, for he heard her repeat the sum once to herself, rolling it under her tongue as a sweet morsel, as he went out of her store.

He passed a group of the little ones he had made so happy on his way. They stared at him reverently, and he caught some of their speculations concerning his identity.

"No," said one, "he aint Ole Kris, neither, cos Ole Kris's got long white whiskers and comes down chimblies in a sleigh, and this one's got black mustachus and just walks."

"I guess he must be Saint Joseph," said the little girl with the doll, "for he's the blessed saint of the little childers, ye know."

"Well, I don't care," cried another, blowing his trumpet vociferously; "whoever he may be, he's just boss."

"That he is, an' he's a good man to come and buy his little boy's Christmas toys at Ole Mom Token's, when she was a-fearing the big stores 'ud spile her trade this year. Let's give him a hurrah, boys."

And the cold, crisp air resounded with their shrill, happy voices.

Mr. Harndon walked on thoughtfully. He had never posed as a saint before, and—well, *was* he a "good man"? The bare idea made him smile. He could not in his

own mind quite deny or affirm his right to the title, but, perhaps, thought he, "If I try to live up to their high estimate of me, I may deserve a part of these simple little ones' encomiums," and he held on closer to the box with the little Christ-child inside.

CHAPTER II.

MR. RICHARDS came down-town to the office next morning at his usual hour, and after reading and answering his mail, seemed to be a little anxiously watching the clock.

He had exchanged morning greetings with his partner, but beyond that conversation had been slow; each appeared to eye the other furtively, and each apparently held something in reserve. Finally, after a few little preliminary nervous coughs, on the part of the senior partner, he said, in a sort of off-hand tone:

"Oh! Harndon, apropos of that little matter we were talking of last evening, the—you know—the boy's tree," and he glanced up with a look of inquiry into his partner's face.

Mr. Harndon immediately walked over toward his desk, his face brightening:

"Oh! yes!" he replied, in an interested, joyous sort of tone, "Oh! yes! indeed! and, Richards, you've no idea what a lot of pretty things I come across on my way home last night; real old-time Christmas candies, pure and unadulterated; things that sparkle and shine and smell like old Santa Claus. I got a few for the boy's tree—"

"Isn't it just wonderful!" interrupted Mr. Richards, his face, too, lighting up, "how many attractive articles there are that we never noticed before! I want to show you a little thing I picked up coming down-town this morning," then he produced from his desk a box which upon opening was found to contain a huge woolly dog that barked quite naturally.

"That's good, but won't he be afraid?" asked Philip, taking the animal out and making it bark again and again.

"Oh! no! he's a brave little fellow—well, Barney, what now?" the porter had entered and stood looking a little curiously, but evidently pleased at the scene.

"Shure sur, me and Bridget, sur, have a little bit of Christmas we'd loike to put on the bye's tree, sur, if you plaze," and he handed a little bundle to Mr. Richards, who untied the paper, discovering a very gorgeous and fanciful sort of rattle, all bells and jangling chains, and with a whistle at one end, which Mr. Richards immediately blew, to Barney's great delight.

"Thank you kindly, Barney," said he, his face wreathed in smiles. "It shall go on the boy's tree, and you and Bridget and the children shall come and see him rattle and blow his whistle on Christmas morning. Come, Harndon, make your bow-wow bark to my whistle."

Philip obeyed laughingly, and the two men stood there like two children, playing with their toys, when, suddenly, Mr. Harndon dropped the poodle and made a hurried exit into an inner room just as a young lady walked into the office. He had caught a glimpse of her through the door; before she had had a chance to see him, however; he felt quite sure of that, when he heard her exclaim:

"Well! of all things, Cousin Thomas! playing here all alone by yourself with the boy's Christmas toys! I can't allow that; no one must touch them before he does," and she gathered up the articles and put them back into box and paper. "Come, now, we must be right off to do our shopping, for I promised Cousin Anna that I'd be home to luncheon, and I see that slow car has made me late already," with a glance at the clock.

"Oh! I never expect a woman to be on time! not even Miss Mary Thompson prides herself upon punctuality. I've

been waiting for you half an hour, and got tired, so I—"

"So you thought you'd play with the darling boy's playthings. O Cousin Thomas! what children he makes of us all! Come, let's hurry off," and Mr. Richards obediently followed.

"I wonder if she *could* have caught sight of my ridiculous figure," said Mr. Harndon, addressing his reflection in the little mirror over his desk and brushing off some of the poodle's wool that clung to his coat as he emerged from his retreat upon their departure. "No, I'm quite sure she didn't see *me*, I escaped just in time; I never in the world could have faced her again had she have seen me playing with a 'Bow-wow!' Nice sort of girl; remember how she resented the evident 'throwing' us at one another at the five o'clock tea. We were both decidedly balky in that little trial, I recollect. Believe I'd like to meet her again. Yes, I'll go to-morrow night and 'help trim the tree.'"

Mr. Philip Harndon laughed heartily to himself as he buttoned up his ulster the following evening, and picked up the huge box of Christmas things he had accumulated for the "boy's tree."

It did seem rather a ludicrous proceeding for him to be playing the rôle of Kris Kingle, but nevertheless he went on his way rejoicing, and in spite of the snow that now began to fall rapidly, he disdained taking a car, and walked up-town at such a rapid pace as brought a brighter color and happier light into his cheeks and eyes than had been there for many a day.

The parlor of Mr. Richards's house was brilliantly lighted, and a warm breath of aromatic balmy woods and odorous greens seemed to permeate the halls as the door opened and Mr. Harndon was ushered in.

"Put down your bundles, and come here quick, if you want to see a pretty picture," Harndon, called out Mr.

Richards in a loud whisper, from over the bannister rail on the second floor.

Philip brushed the snow from off his mustache and hair, and ascended the stairs and followed Mr. Richards, who, with his finger on his lip, led the way to a suite of rooms further on. The portière was half drawn, and Philip beheld the fairest tableau he had ever witnessed.

Miss Mary Pratt had evidently been assisting her cousin in her household duties, and was putting the boy to bed. She stood in the middle of the room with him, cuddled up close in her arms. He hadn't much on, to speak of, in the way of garments, and his bare, pink, dimpled loveliness was a vision of beauty.

Her long brown hair had become loosened in their romp, and he had tangled one round rosy knee in its dark meshes, while one plump arm encircled her white throat.

Harndon recalled the beautiful picture of the Virgin Mother, the famous Madonna Bambino.

"Don't Mary look well in that rôle?" whispered Mr. Richards.

"Madonna Mary," returned Harndon, in a half-hushed, reverent tone.

Suddenly catching a glimpse of some one outside the portière, Miss Pratt tossed the baby in his crib, and made her exit.

"Walk right in there, Harndon," said Mr. Richards now, in a loud voice, "and let me introduce you to the *junioreset* member of the firm."

The boy stood up in his crib, and opened his brown eyes in wonder, at this sudden exit and entrance of dramatis personæ on the scene, and Mrs. Richards making her appearance now, kindly greeted Mr. Harndon, smiling at his discomfiture, and mildly reproved her husband for this rather curious proceeding on his part of bringing a stranger into the nursery.

"He thinks everybody is as interested as himself in baby's movements," she ex-

plained, as she took the boy out of his crib, and proceeded to robe his plump nudity in fitting garments for the night. "Go down into the parlor now," she continued, "and help Mary trim the tree."

The gentlemen obeyed and descended, to find Miss Pratt awaiting them.

The long tresses had been brushed and smoothly coiled in a loose knot upon the shapely head, and it was "Miss Mary Pratt," not "Madonna Mary," who received Mr. Philip Harndon with a polite recognition of their former brief acquaintance of the year before.

Oh! the trimming of a Christmas tree! The aromatic odors that fairly intoxicate one with a spirit of revelry, while the outstretched arms of the sylvan monarch seem to be pronouncing a benediction upon all the happy work going on beneath their shadows. How the fir and cedar and pine sparkle and shine, and seem to laugh out, rejoicing over their release from the cold, snowy bondage of the woods, and how they straightway blossom royally into beauty beneath loving hands!

"No cedar in the vale of Lebanon
E'er bore more precious fruit or flower,
Or yielded in one sunny, merry hour
Such quick-time harvest."

Acquaintance fast ripens into friendship beneath the boughs of the Christmas tree; nay, it does as effectually the happy work of summer woods or winter moonlight, and it is true that oftentimes beside the blessed Christ-child gleaming aloft amid its branches, there, too, is perched the little God of Love, who smiles down and aims his arrows at the hearts of youths and maidens.

"Here, Harndon," cried Mr. Richards, who, in spite of his light cloth evening coat, had warmed himself up into a ruddy fervor while dressing the lower branches of the tree, "you can't be comfortable in that well-fitting 'Prince Albert,' I'm about half roasted in this. Mary, won't

you ask Anna to throw down my new smoking-jacket for him? Oh! yes, you shall have it—it's very large for me—and it will be mightily becoming, too—brown velvet, awfully swell—you never can mount that ladder and dress that top limb in a 'Prince Albert'!"

Miss Pratt went up after the jacket herself, and in a few minutes Mr. Harndon actually found himself standing in a gentleman's parlor in his shirt sleeves, being assisted into the ample sleeves of a smoking jacket by the fair hands of a strange young lady!

Thus does the spirit of the Christmas tree work its mysterious spell.

"Now, Harndon, don't be afraid, step right up, the ladder is plumb, and I'll see that it continues steady; yes, the star goes on the topmost branch, and then right under—"

"This, Mr. Harndon," said Miss Pratt, "and how beautiful it is."

Her tone was low and very sweet and reverent.

Harndon looked down from his high perch, and saw the same tableau again; Madonna Mary with the child in her arms.

"Go on; what's the matter, Harndon, are you caught anywhere?" called out Mr. Richards from his ambush below.

"No—no—oh! no!—I only stopped to—to think—how beautiful it all is," replied Philip, quietly, fastening on the star.

"Stopped to think? on a ladder? Oh! you mean you were admiring the angel in Mary's arms? Oh! yes, it is beautiful, and a happy thought of yours to get it for the boy's tree; in fact, I hadn't thought of any other cherubims but him. Here, Mary, hand me the angel."

"Give it to me yourself, please, Miss Pratt," said Mr. Harndon, quickly stooping down.

Miss Pratt looked up, a trifle curious at the request, but went up the ladder a step or two, and handed him the figure. He leaned a little closer and said, lower:

"I had a strange fancy that I would like you to bring me the 'Tidings of great joy'—the Christ-child."

She smiled and a faint blush crept up into her face. Mr. Harndon was certainly as "queer a fellow" as Cousin Anna had ever declared.

The trimming of the tree was finally satisfactorily accomplished, each one declaring and really believing that there surely never was one prettier or more attractive in all the world.

Oh! how pleasant is work, however hard, however trifling, when lightened and illumined by the power of love!

"Now, Harndon," said Mr. Richards, as he helped his partner on with his ulster an hour later, "you've done this part for the 'firm' so nobly, we'd really like you to be one of us in the 'continuation of festivities.' We hadn't intended to invite any one outside, you know, as we mean to have the boy at table—his first Christmas dinner in his high-chair. He sits up like a major, and is as good as a bishop. But, Harndon, if you're not engaged and think you could enjoy the fun, we'd be very happy to have you with us Christmas Day *en familie*."

Mrs. Richards cordially and hospitably echoed her husband's invitation, and Miss Pratt said, as she gave him her hand, when she said good-night:

"Come, Mr. Harndon, and then we can see together how happy we have made our dear little Christmas child, as he will see the tree after dinner."

There was such an altogether pleasant and delightful suggestion in the partnership of the words "we" and "together" in Miss Pratt's invitation, that in spite of his having made a partial engagement for the day with his club, Harndon accepted the invitation and promised to be "one of them" on Christmas Day.

On his way down-town Mr. Harndon stopped at Bailey's and ordered a very handsome silver bowl and spoon and sau-

cer sent to the "juniorest member of the firm."

He laughed so visibly at the thought of his purchasing such an article that one of his friends passing, cried out:

"Hello, Harndon, you're looking happy ahead of time. Merry Christmas *to-morrow*."

Further down-street he passed a florist's window, whose tempting display of flowers attracted his attention.

He paused a moment, then said, suddenly:

"I believe I will," adding, bravely, "any one may send or receive flowers," then went inside.

He looked about him some time, then selected with the greatest care a very dainty wicker basket of violets.

"Anything more?" asked the clerk.

"No—oh! yes, yes," a sudden idea dawning; "you may send another basket—any sort of flowers—yes, roses—anything."

"To same address?" asked the clerk, pencil in hand.

"Same address? yes, but, oh! send the last basket—the roses—to Mrs. Thomas Richards. Don't make a mistake—the roses to Mrs. Richards."

"Yes, I understand—and the violets to Miss Pratt. All right, sir."

The order must have been properly delivered, for when Mr. Harndon arrived at his partner's house on Christmas Day half an hour before dinner and found the two ladies awaiting him, the odor of violets from Miss Pratt's *bouquet de corsage* quite overpowered the aromatic scents of fir and cedar holiday wreaths with which the house was decorated, and he felt a glad sort of thrill that they were *his* flowers over which he bent, wishing her a "merry Christmas."

She was looking more like the Madonna than ever, he thought. Her dark hair was very simply arranged, her dress some soft wool goods of a pale violet shade, the

flowers pinned just below her round white throat.

"I thank you very much for the 'sweet violets,' Mr. Harndon," she said. "They bring a scent of spring-time amid all these winter festivities—"

"And my summer roses are just as sweet, Mr. Harndon; it was so kind of you to think of us. Thomas never in the world would have thought of flowers!" cried Mrs. Richards.

"Rank heresy, my dear," exclaimed that unjustly-accused individual, making his way down the stairs. "I assure you, I thought of the most important flower of the season—the misletoe—to say nothing of the flower of the family. See!" and he entered the room bearing both; the boy, who was perched upon his shoulder, held in his plump little hand a branch of that reasonable blossom.

Duly presented again, in all the formality of his holiday attire, the "juniorest member" went through his infantile paces to the fond applause and admiration of the happy trio of his parents and Cousin Mary.

Mr. Harndon was a novice in "the art of speaking to the little ones," and in no-wise familiar with babies, so after gravely shaking hands with this young member of the firm, he sat and listened and looked on in a wonderful sort of silence to the ridiculous prattle and antics of the infatuated members of his family.

"Take care, Mary! you're on dangerous ground," cried Mr. Richards, as they walked out to the dining-room.

He had fastened the branch of misletoe among the greens on the chandelier, unobserved, while the others were coaching the baby in his "tricks and manners," and as he spoke Miss Pratt stood, unconsciously, directly under it, with the boy in her arms and Philip beside her.

"Quick, Harndon! 'None but the brave deserve the fair,'" and he stood for a moment in the doorway, barring their progress.

Mr. Harndon glanced down swiftly at his fair neighbor. She looked very lovely. The temptation was strong, and it was according to Saint Nicholas—but—something in her maidenly, pure, dignified manner withheld his audacity. He stooped, however, and laughingly kissed the boy. Something he never remembered having done before in his life—kiss a baby!

The boy laughed and crowed, and then, putting both arms around Miss Pratt's neck, he immediately transferred the kiss to her blushing cheek.

"Well, upon my word, Harndon," cried Mr. Richards, "at *your* age, I should not have considered it satisfactory in the least to accomplish *that* knightly feat by proxy!"

"Brave knights do not win favors by strategy, Mr. Richards," replied Philip, not quite relishing the laugh against him.

"And the ideal knight was Sir Gala-had, whose bearing was unequaled because his heart was pure," quoted Mrs. Richards, with an approving glance at Harndon.

"Oh! but you know in war, and some other situations in life, all's fair," retorted Mr. Richards.

"Neither 'situation' being in order here, however, my dear," replied Mrs. Richards, looking stern reproof at her husband's bold hilarity and seeing the evident discomfiture of her guests. "You will please take your places at table."

"And apropos of war, settle the Eastern question of turkey, eh? Well, *en avant!*"

Never was there merrier Christmas dinner. Mr. Philip Harndon had celebrated many a holiday feast since he had grown up to manhood, and had been a guest at various dinners of note; but to him this little informal family affair of five—with a baby—seemed the most delightful of experiences.

Of the "juniorest member," be it said of him that he acquitted himself credit-

ably. Perched up in his high chair, with a sprig of the golden plume of the celery stalk by way of plaything, he laughed and crowed at the proper time, evidently comprehending all the jokes, and when his new bowl and spoon and saucer were produced, he drank the health of all present in a foaming bumper of milk, generously offering a share of it to Mr. Harndon.

"A faithful squire, indeed. See, Harndon, he wishes to share everything he considers good with you," roguishly persisted Mr. Richards." "Now—"

"And now," interrupted Mrs. Richards, "we will adjourn to the parlor, where the tree is, and show the boy what Christmas really is."

Such a burst of light and blaze of glory as met their eyes when the parlor doors were rolled open. Such a breath of odorous tree and shrub, and the new music-box playing the "Hallelujah Chorus," and the glistening star shining aloft, and the beautiful angel smiling down, it was, indeed, a glorious sight of what Christmas really is, the spirit of love and beauty, and "Peace on earth and good-will toward men!"

The "juniorest member of the firm" laughed outright and clapped his hands at sight of this brilliant display; the senior member of the firm nodded his head in approval, and said:

"Very beautifully arranged, my dear Mary, you have a keen eye for effect, and the music is apropos."

The junior member stood silent and awed. It was his first sight, as well, of "Christmas as it really is," and it seemed as though the blessed spirit of the hour was new-born in his heart and thoughts, and he was chanting with the chorus, "Glory to God in the highest!"

"Well, Mr. Harndon, why are you so quiet? Isn't our tree as pretty as you expected?" asked Mrs. Richards, wondering at his strange silence.

He answered her, gravely: "I may not

be as demonstrative as the boy, Mrs. Richards," he said, "but I assure you the joy and delight in all this festivity is as strong. This is *my* first Christmas; I have never before in my life felt the solemnity and beauty of the celebration."

"I am glad to hear, then, that Christmas has come to you, *at last*, Mr. Harndon." It was Miss Pratt that replied, and her voice and eyes told him that she was pleased and touched by his earnest words.

The distribution of gifts was next in order, and the fruit which had bloomed surreptitiously and unexpectedly overnight, for each one on the tree was gayly plucked.

Mr. Richards handed each package over to the boy, who donated it with his own plump little hands.

"For me?" exclaimed Mr. Harndon, as the boy passed over to him a flat little paper.

"Yes, Harndon," replied Mr. Richards, from behind the branches where he was busily plucking the fruit, "it isn't exactly a sword the squire presents you, but you might in an emergency defend your ladye fayre with it; it bears her colors—I saw her put 'em on."

Curiously opening the paper, Mr. Harndon soon discovered a dainty paper-cutter of white satin wood, upon which a bunch of violets was painted. Attached to it was Miss Pratt's card with "Christmas greeting."

"For me?" exclaimed Mr. Harndon again, "and your own work? Thank you with all my heart, violets are my favorite flowers."

There was such evident pleasure in his words and tone that Miss Pratt blushed violently as she answered him, taking the hand he had extended as he spoke:

"I'm glad you are pleased—they are *my* flowers too," with a glance at her corsage bouquet.

"Swearing allegiance by your sword,

Sir Galahad?" called out Mr. Richards, taking in the tableau from behind his arm-chair.

"O Thomas! do hush!" whispered Mrs. Richards to her stupid spouse, all her feminine intuition on the *qui vive*. "Don't spoil it all in the bud! I never saw anything so beautifully promising; why, a 'five o'clock tea' is nothing to a Christmas tree for bringing people together—and do look, Thomas! see, even baby approves!"

The boy had reached out for the paper-knife again. Miss Pratt was endeavoring to rescue it from his somewhat rude grasp, and Mr. Harndon in the skirmish had imprisoned both her and the boy's hands.

"Oh—ah—aw! yes, I see," grunted Mr. Richards, peeping out again.

"And it's all the blessed spirit of Christmas that is bringing it about," Mrs. Richards went on, in a voluble whisper in her husband's ear, "and the baby, too. Don't you remember the Scriptures say: 'And a little child shall lead them'?"

"Oh! but that's about the millennium, not marriage, my dear; you're getting things mixed. It's all the same to Harndon, however, one seemed as far off as the other to him a week ago—but now—well—it does look a trifle matrimonial. See there, Anna! he's putting a ring on her finger!"

Miss Pratt had dropped the pretty pearl ring which her cousin had presented her, Mr. Harndon had picked it up, and he and the boy together were putting it on her finger.

At sight of which Mrs. Richards squeezed her husband's hand so ecstatically that he cried out, and then covered it by calling:

"Oh! see here, Harndon! Here's an old friend of yours, see if he knows you," and he came forth from behind the tree with the white woolly dog in his hand, making it bark fiercely.

With the recollection of the ridiculous

tableau he must have presented to Miss Pratt's eyes, if she *did* see him that morning in the office, he glanced quickly down into her face and caught a covert smile hiding among her dimples.

"Ah! you *did* see me that morning," he said, in an accusing tone. But after all he did not feel as ashamed as he imagined he would under the circumstances.

"Yes she did, Mr. Harndon; she couldn't help it, although you did make your escape so quickly," confessed Mrs. Richards; "and now that Mary has betrayed herself by those tell-tale dimples, I am going to tell her that *you* were witness to quite as ridiculous a tableau in which she figured the other night, when she was putting the boy to sleep, and now you are quits."

The dimples and blushes followed this *expose* in distressing confusion, and it was by the boy's suddenly becoming obstreperous and sleepy, and demanding the attention of all four in his behalf that the little embarrassing episode was forgotten.

"You can have a seat in our pew tomorrow if you care to, Harndon," said Mr. Richards, when it came time to say good-night.

"We are to have the Hallelujah Chorus and *always* our beautiful service," joined in Mrs. Richards, persuasively.

"Won't you come and go with us?" timidly asked Miss Pratt, as she shook hands with him.

"I will," he answered, eagerly, adding in a lower tone, "if I may go with you."

"We will *all* be very glad—" began Miss Pratt, blushing again.

"Yes, all right, come and go with us, eleven o'clock, sharp," echoed Mr. Richards, as he saw his guest off.

Mr. Harndon not only accompanied his fair friend to Christmas service next day, but found himself beside her in church the first Sunday in the new year as well, and among the many other good resolutions he made on that day the one

strongest and foremost in his heart and thoughts was the resolution to forswear bachelorhood and all its erring ways, and, following the example of the senior member of his firm, take unto himself a wife, providing, of course, that the one fair maid in all the world to him, who sat there beside him saying her prayers so devoutly, might be wooed and won.

"I think, really, it was all baby's doings, Thomas," said Mrs. Richards, confidentially, when the engagement was announced to herself and husband a month or two later. "Don't you remember how impressed he was the night he saw her with baby in her arms? He calls her 'Madonna Mary,' you know; I think that tableau suggested the name."

"And she saw him with a woolly dog in his arms, you know. What pet name has that suggested to Mary?" laughed prosaically Mr. Richards.

"O Thomas! how can you talk so—so heartless? I am quite sure that darling boy of ours made the match," and the fond mother devoured the innocent infant with kisses by way of approval.

"Well, it's my opinion that it was quite another cherub of the same gender, with not much on save a bow and arrow."

"Oh! but, Thomas, don't you think," and there was a softer tone in her voice now, and she came nearer, and held the boy up to him, "don't you think, perhaps, after all, it was the spirit of the holy season, and may it not have been, if not *our* little one—may it not have been the blessed Christ-child who came to him at last and brought them together?"

He leaned forward and embraced both mother and child.

"Maybe you are right, Anna," he said, "maybe you are right."

AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

PAIN. Much of the pain that is suffered in the world is part of a necessary education that we could ill afford to spare. Through pain we learn to adapt ourselves to Nature's laws, to preserve life and health, to avoid accident. Many valuable lessons of self-government and self-guidance are thus learned; many successive steps in civilization and progress are due to its influence. It is one of Nature's beneficent methods of leading us upward and onward, and those who are wise will patiently endure her penalties and gratefully accept the messages they bear.

HAND AND HEART. The affections, however warm, will grow cold, and the desires, however strong, will decline, unless their corresponding actions are performed. The best intentions in the world, without effort, will produce nothing, and

will themselves die away. So the hand without the heart can never continue operative. The expression of affection where none exists must die upon the lips. Compulsion may produce a momentary pressure, but, as soon as it is removed, a reaction takes place. Industry flags as soon as the motive is removed. Self-sacrifice becomes impossible where love is not. Heroism without enthusiasm is unachievable.

It is wise—nay, often absolutely needful—to have something for the mind to feed upon, something to look forward to and live for, besides the round of daily labor, or the counting of profit or loss.

SELF-RELIANCE comes from relying on self, in the hope that self will presently become worth relying on.

CHRISTMAS AT PEG'S RANCH.

PEG'S RANCH was nothing more or less than a small frame structure of perhaps half a dozen rooms that seemed to be hiding itself from view under a frowning bluff that overlooked the muddy Western river that flowed almost up to the door.

Peg herself was a character well known in that wild section of country, a raw-boned, muscular woman with iron-gray locks, always ill-kept, and a faded calico gown that clung about her, scant and with a fit that would have set Worth insane probably.

Little she troubled herself over such small matters; she run her ranch and her affairs to suit herself; so the dollars came in, that was all she cared for, and they did come in pretty fast, for her house was on the direct route to the mountains, only fifty miles distant.

It had been a cold day that 24th of December, bitter cold. The wind whistled in and out the doors and windows, and shook things up generally, not forgetting Peg's temper, which was never one of the sweetest.

"Jin!" she called in her sharp voice, "where can that girl be?"

Jin, in answer to the imperious call, put her head in through the door, a sullen expression upon her childish and really very pretty face.

"Here, Aunt Peg, you told me to attend to these ducks, and I'm not half through; they are old as the mountains."

"Old? never mind that, we'll put 'em on in good time, but I never did see sich a slow thing as you are. Now these letters ought ter be took ter the old man, there's one he's been a-lookin' fur quite a spell, an' I know it's important. Git yer bonnet an' shawl an' run out to the stables with 'em."

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Jin obeyed reluctantly; the stables and corrals were a considerable distance from the house, and the wind was blowing from the north a blast that was, indeed, fearful. Her thin old shawl, that answered for shawl and bonnet both in this instance, was but a slight protection.

"I wish Christmas was never here," she muttered; "there's allers somethin' extra to do, an' Aunt Peg gits crosser, and my shoes are jist off my feet. Gracious me, how cold it is!"

She had entered the stables by this time, and waiting a moment to get her breath, a strange sentence, spoken in a low voice, arrested her attention.

"He carries a cool five thousand."

"Sure?"

"As sure as two an' two makes four. Suppose, now, he stops with us to-night. Peg won't interfere, but there's Jin."

"Shut her up in a back room, or in the cave; she'd be warm there, anyhow."

"Yes, but she'll blow when she does git out. No dependin' on Jin. She aint the proper stuff."

"Must git her off som'ers; we can't bear to miss that big a haul, an' they say he's only a boy. A man would a-knowed better than to carry that much money about this country on his person."

Jin stood rooted to the spot. For the moment horror, indignation, and her own peril swayed her, each struggling for mastery.

She knew what it meant, those hints, and the poor young fellow that was riding to his doom. She knew now many, many things she had never understood before. This rude old man that her aunt had married only a few years back was a—ah! what was he? She had always hated and feared him and now she understood why.

Yes, and if they found her there playing eavesdropper what would they do with her?

Cautiously she crept from that spot and at last found herself at the farther door which she threw open with a loud bang, calling out:

"Uncle Nick, here are some letters. Si Hawkins brought 'em," and tossing them on a box near, she turned and ran swiftly homeward.

Her aunt was too busy with the preparations for the Christmas dinner to notice the pale face of the girl.

"Christmas is Christmas," she muttered, "and we allers used ter have a Christmas dinner, an' I told the old man I reckoned them ducks would answer. Don't know as we'll have many, either, fur that matter, but there's never no tellin'. Want plenty an' we'll make 'em pay Christmas prices."

How that long afternoon passed Jin could not have told. Her mind was so full of the dreadful discovery she had made, she scarcely knew how she performed her usual tasks. At last night drew near, and as the dusky shadows began to fall over that vast prairie country, her uncle and the bad man with whom he had conversed in the stables made their appearance accompanied by a young stranger. Yes, undoubtedly the one they had spoken of in the morning.

"Poor young man," thought the girl, "how unconscious of the trap he's walked into; wish I could save him. That is what troubles me so awful, if I could save him, but how?"

Jin sat before the little stove, her rude rocker swayed back and forth slowly; the others were too deeply engrossed with the good supper to heed her. She could watch them all she chose, herself, unnoticed.

"He's only a few years older than I be," thought Jin, "an' he's rich an' smart—my, what a purty ring! An' maybe he's got a good mother somers,

that's more'n I've got; an' to think they said Aunt Peg wouldn't care, oh!"

Then she begun watching her aunt—the homely old face was well reflected by the lamp which sat near her end of the table—every wrinkle and line seemed to become deeper, for her aunt was in a particularly bad humor. She had expected more travelers, and here was only one and on Christmas Eve; she hoped the lot of cooking they had done would not be wasted.

Jin also noticed how very kind her uncle was to the stranger, how he passed and repassed the numerous dishes, and smiled until he showed all his ugly teeth in a way that made the girl tremble.

Would not her aunt object to the terrible work that had been planned, her own blood relation. Surely she was only croes, not cruel and wicked. Had she not better tell her, give her some warning? Yet the girl feared to do even this. She would not be believed.

But what was she to do?

"I will warn the poor young fellow," she thought, "I will if I die fur it."

Supper over, Jin washed the dishes in a nervous way that, for a wonder, received no reprimand from her aunt.

Once through with her work, having listened to all that had been said, Jin formed a plan that she hoped might succeed.

"Aunt Peg," she said, "I heard a big noise out in the pig pen; maybe I better go see, it might be some animal?"

"Nothin' of the sort, but you kin go look if you want to."

Jin threw over her head her ever-ready shawl, and hurried out into the cold and darkness, in which, at least, she found room to breathe freely.

She hurried out to the near shed in which she knew her uncle had fastened the stranger's horse. The animal was there, and Jin at once found the saddle and bridle near, which she at once proceeded to adjust.

Nothing must be forgotten; in the saddle she found a brace of revolvers.

"The careless fellow," she thought, "supposed all the danger to be on the journey out, 'stead of inside a respectable house, but I believe I'd better take possession of one of these things. I'll be dreadful 'fraid it'll go off in my pocket."

Jin handled it gingerly, but managed to hide it securely in the folds of her dress; then she crept around to the window of the room she had so lately fled from and gazed in.

They were smoking their pipes, the two men, her uncle and his evil companion, but the young fellow himself did not smoke even a cigar, and leaned listlessly against the window almost touching her.

This was what the girl had hoped might happen; she watched and waited her opportunity.

The wind howled around her and the bitter cold of the air almost froze the blood in her veins.

"If he does git off," she thought, "it's dangerous riding to-night, and it's five miles to Wilson's Ranch, but he must git away from here."

Her aunt was moving about in an adjoining room; Jim could hear the thump, thump of her heavy shoes, and the cold seemed increasing. Whatever was to be done she felt it must be done shortly.

Suddenly a reckless idea startled her. She drew the revolver from her pocket and stepping to the right, emptied one of its chambers through the window of the room where her aunt was, but she prudently shot upward.

There was a fearful crash, her aunt screamed and the two men rushed into the room.

This was Jin's opportunity; quickly placing the revolver in her pocket, she ran in the room where the startled stranger stood, and whispered in excited, eager tones:

"They are planning to murder an' rob

you. Git out somehow without them knowin' it, and ride off!"

"But who—"

"Hush! I fired that shot, here they come!"

"Jin, what was it, who was it fired through the window?" demanded her uncle, savagely, as he grasped her arm and shook her.

"I—oh! don't ask me! I'm so scared," sobbed Jin, burying her face in her hands.

"But didn't you see any one, you stupid thing?"

"No," said Jin, "not a soul; but I heard the pistol."

"We must go out and see," said her uncle, and they at once started upon their fruitless quest.

Jin looked at the young stranger imploringly. The presence of her aunt prevented further explanations. The young man was pale, and yet the girl was glad to see he was calm and that he was fully aware of his danger.

He placed his hand behind him as much as to say he was armed, and would sell his life dearly.

Her aunt stormed around, grumbling and scolding as usual. What a miserable Christmas Eve it was, and, oh! what was to be the end?

The young man arose and walked carelessly toward the door, opened it slowly and passed out. Jin gave a long breath of thankfulness, but her aunt's sharp voice arrested her faint hope:

"Stranger, it's mighty cold outside; better stay by the fire, an' from what has happened no tellin' who's prowlin' round."

The young man sent back a careless laugh, and said he would return presently.

Jin waited as the moments slowly passed for some sound, a shot, a cry for help. God only knew what the sound might be and her heart grew faint with dread.

At last there were steps upon the threshold, and her uncle and his companion entered, that was all; the young stranger was not with them.

"Been everywhere, an' in every direction; can neither find tracks or man; whoever fired that shot must have done it to scare us all out of the house, or for some purpose, I can't for the life of me tell. Where's the young man, Peg?"

"Went out a few minutes ago; said he'd soon be back. You'll likely find him out near his horse."

The two men exchanged glances, and although Jin gazed into the glowing coals of the stove, she felt that their eyes were on her, and trembled.

Silence reigned for the next quarter of an hour, when, her uncle growing restless, gave forth a fierce exclamation and said he would go look the young fellow up.

Jin saw him depart in terror; she knew that when he returned with the word that the stranger had actually slipped through their fingers, she herself would at once be suspected with this most unlooked-for occurrence. What was she to do? To try to get away would be most hazardous, to remain appeared more so. Jin decided to make the attempt at least. She was young and strong. Perhaps she might reach a spot of safety. She got up and passed into the adjoining room—she had not dared to take her shawl—she must not venture out without some protection from the cold. A gray blanket lay upon the foot of the rude bed; it was light but much warmer and larger than her shawl; she seized it and sprang through the low window, just as her uncle's steps sounded upon the path.

To her right lay the river, sullen, dark, and dangerous. Jin knew of its treacherous, shifting sand-bars and muddy current only too well; but the river was not half as terrible as that which lay behind her. She sped lightly toward it and upon reaching it was conscious of a loud call from the house.

"Jin!" the cry was, "Jin!" in her aunt's shrill tones, and the girl fancied they had a plaintive, scared ring quite unusual to her matter-of-fact relative.

"Call away," said Jin, as she grasped the small skiff that lay at her feet. "Gimme ten minutes, an' there'll be no catchin' of Jin this night."

Lights were flashing about the doorway, lights were tracking her surely down to the river.

The boat was heavier than it had ever seemed before. It was, in reality, partially frozen in the bank, but with a strength almost unnatural, Jin wrenched it loose, sprang in, and was swept away in the whirling, tossing waves, far out at least from the reach of human foes.

"Lucky there aint any other boat," thought the girl as she threw the blanket about her and sank down in the boat to avoid the cold, sweeping wind. "No use to try to row this night; if I stick fast on a bar reckon I'll be there in the morning. Won't uncle howl, an' oh! how glad I am the poor young man got away."

And wrapped in that warm blanket, borne with the current of the big shallow river, her head upon the hard, wooden seat, Jin slept in that frail boat until the morning sun awoke her, the Christmas morning sun that shone so happily within so many homes. Poor little Jin!

In the meantime how had it been at Peg's Ranch?

Upon discovery that their bird had flown and that even Jin was missing, the mystery was explained.

"She let him on to it," said the uncle, in a frightful rage; "she overheard our talk this morning, the little traitor."

All of which was Greek to Peg at first, but after a time she caught an inkling of what had been intended.

Then she stood up tall and gaunt before them, her eyes ablaze.

"You tell me you talked about harmin' that chap, do you? an' you let Jin hear you, an' the child was a-feared to tell me.

Ah! you thought Peg's Ranch would be a good place to murder an' rob, did you?"

The men shrank back; something in the old woman's attitude told them of a hidden power neither had ever suspected.

"He carried a cool five thousand," said her husband, sullenly, "an' it'll be a long time before that chance'll ever happen ag'in. If we'd a knowed jist what to do with Jin, we'd been safer. We didn't intend to harm the fellow unless we *had* to. What a fool you are, Peg."

"Fool," repeated the woman, "fool don't begin to tell it. If you two men don't take ter yer heels an' fly, not only Peg's Ranch but this hull country'll be too hot to hold you."

"You wouldn't tell, Peg, an' you my wife? The gal'll be drowned by mornin'."

"Drowned, my little Jin? no, she won't. God'll look after her. She'll come nearer freezin'; an' mind, old man, if her death lies at your door, big as the West is, it'll never save you or hide you. I'll see to that. Now go."

And they slunk away, leaving Peg alone to await the dawn of that dreary Christmas morn.

It was Christmas night when Peg herself knelt at the bedside of Jin at a far-away neighbor's who had rescued her and kept her until her aunt found her.

"Why didn't you tell me, deary?"

"I couldn't," said Jin; "they said you wouldn't care, it was me they feared."

"I wouldn't care! oh! no. I guess they found out. And you are well, you didn't freeze, my deary? You must be well"—fiercely—"Aunt Peg will show you after this what she cares and who it is she loves, you patient, brave child."

And wondering Jin felt the tears and

kisses on her face and hands, such as she had never known.

It wasn't a dream or a fairy story, but it was a good deal better, for it was all true.

Peg sold her ranch at a big price and took Jin back to a city where schools were plenty and dresses and friends most different. Peg, with gray hair neatly brushed, in rusty black silk, could scarcely be identified as the aunt Jin had known in her childhood, while the girl herself blossomed out like a rose, and a cultured, dainty one at that.

One day they met (Jin always had her suspicions that her aunt knew who they would meet from her manner) the stranger that came so near losing not only his money but his life within their doors. He did not recognize either; how could he? but when they were once firm friends Peg called him to her side one day and told him all.

"I had money enough. I worked hard for long years; even the old man didn't know of half my hidden gold, nor me of half his wickedness. That night Jin was in the boat, I vowed if she ever got back alive I'd see that she had a share of this same gold. She's all I've got an' she's good an' true."

"Good?" said the young man, "she's the bravest girl I ever knew, and I—we wish—"

"I thought so," said Peg, nodding vigorously; "I hoped so."

"We would like to have the wedding on Christmas Eve."

"So you shall. 'Twas Christmas Eve you met. A dreadful Christmas! but we'll have a happier one now to remember."

ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

GOOD sense will lead persons to regard their own duties rather than to recommend those of others.

A MAN who cannot mind his own business should not be trusted with the business of others.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

VENUS—A CHRISTMAS PIG.

IT was a serious affair. A *very* serious affair. Just *how* serious you can never know unless you have had a golden opportunity of buying a fine white pig at greatly reduced rates, with the probability of selling at *enormous* profits, and found, like Simple Simon of ancient rhyme, that the pennies were lacking.

A shadow fell on three young faces in the summer-house on the lawn and into the recesses of three very empty pocket-books, whose owners sat one autumn morning, gravely deliberating on ways and means for purchasing their Christmas pig. One had been offered by Paul Mendall at a *tremendous* sacrifice, as he told Howard, because he was going away for the winter.

And now the little committeemen were pondering sadly over the gaping pocket-books with wide-opened mouths, like young birds waiting to be fed.

Empty things are, as a rule, unpleasant, I think, don't you? Nature *abhors* a vacuum; you know we learned that in Philosophy; empty words are vain, likewise empty brains; and ever since Mother Hubbard's time, which reaches way back into the delightful age of nursery lore, empty cupboards have fallen into sad disrepute. Every one knows what a melancholy affair an empty stomach is, but of all doleful things an empty purse carries off the palm.

The immortal Shakespeare himself must have had just such a forlorn-looking one as these nineteenth-century ones of Howard's, Mac's, and June's, when he said, "Who steals my purse steals trash."

As "the ignoble melancholy of pecuniary embarrassment," as Mr. Carlyle says, rested on the trio, they looked very solemn and comical, gazing into the open money-bags as if expecting hope to spring from their depths.

A Christmas pig had been a juvenile institution for two years. The victim was duly bought, duly stuffed like a great Strasbourg goose, and duly sold to the butcher before Christmas, when the spoils

were divided and invested in Christmas gifts.

At first the boys objected to an *equal* division, and very ungallant it was; but their father said if he footed the bills of fare for their pig, June should share with the others. As no pig had ever been known to thrive and fatten on air, they yielded as gracefully as possible. It was real unfair for Mac even to think of such a thing, as he and June were and always *had* been twins. "We're both of us just as old as each other," was June's answer when asked her age. Then, too, he forgot all her delicate little attentions—unappreciated though they were—such as cracking hickory-nuts, digging artichokes, and decorating the sty with green maple boughs. Yes, he forgot all that.

But now the all-important question of funds had to be wrestled with and overcome. That was the prime object of the meeting.

"We might have a circus," suggested supple-limbed Mac; "everybody would come this nice weather. We could have the tent on the lawn and make enough to buy a dozen pigs."

"I think hickory-nuts would be better, they're lots more profit than circuses," said Howard, whose legs were far too stout and fat for trapezes and grand and lofty tumbling that made his athletic brother so famous in all the large barns in Mantin. To be sure his salary had been low and his performance high, dangerously high, but for so worthy an object as a Christmas pig, Mac thought no one in the village *could* refuse to come.

"We could get walnuts, too, and send them to the city," continued Howard. "I know they'd sell."

"O boys! a fair would be just lovely," began June, a newly awakened enthusiasm chasing all shadows away. "We could make butterflies out of Japanese napkins—*bright* ones, you know—and black swallows. Gertrude will help us, she made a whole flight for her mamma's curtains; they couldn't *help* but sell."

"Why, June Bug," exclaimed Howard,

"a hundred butterfly fairs won't buy that pig; we *must* think of something else."

"We'll have to think quick, then, or somebody'll get it; it's such a *tremendous* sacrifice," said Mac, echoing Paul's words—"only *two* dollars!"

"Paul will only be too glad to sell it, and he gave us the refusal."

"But he won't wait longer than to-morrow."

"Well, then, think hard," commanded June, grieved that her butterfly and swallow project had been so slighted, "just as hard as ever you can," and she closed her own brown eyes tightly for the development of new ideas.

Still, hard as they might think, the three bright minds could evolve no practical plan for increasing their fortunes ere the morrow's dawn, so the committee on ways and means snapped the yawning pocket-books and seconded Mac's motion to "let's sojourn till after supper."

The affair demanded immediate action after tea, so, of course, circuses, ungathered nuts, and fancy fairs were entirely out of the question.

"We couldn't borrow the money," Howard said, half in inquiry, half asserting.

"I'd rather *never* have a pig than go in debt," declared June, giving her brother a severe look, "not for all the old pigs in the country."

"Well, how would this do, Miss Honesty, and members of your honorable body," said Mr. Kincaid, stopping at the door of the summer-house in his evening walk. "I will furnish the money for the Christmas pig and take your notes for the amount, to be paid when you sell. You can sign the note at the office on your way to school in the morning."

"That will be beautiful, papa!" exclaimed June, "just splendid, not a bit like debt, is it?"

"Taint much for a pig like *that*," said Paul, that next day when Howard gave him the money, "it's mighty little, but I guess I'll let you have it."

"Why it's just what you *asked*," replied Howard.

"Well it's mighty little, but you can have it."

So piggy was installed in the comfortable quarters of her predecessors with all due ceremony. Howard carried a bag of

corn while Mac and June heralded the coming with sound of trumpets, which greatly bewildered piggy's unmusical ears. She was christened Venus, and very un-goddess-like waxed fat and fatter as the time for sacrifice drew near, reminding one forcibly of the poor old Aztec victims.

Mac and June carried apples from the orchard till their arms ached, and Howard, who was developing a taste for wood-carving, fashioned an artistic trough for the ingrate, who had not one single grain of gratitude in all her fast-growing framework.

Venus was a disappointment to June, who was a neat little body, when she showed such perfect disregard for the laws of cleanliness. "It's the good-lookingest pig I ever saw," she was saying to Mac, one day just before the goddess rose from the once clear lake they had had made for her, but when the newly arisen appeared covered with mud from the tips of her pointed ears to the end of the curly tail, she groaned aloud:

"I'll have to *scrub* her," she sighed, laying down a yellow ball dress she was making for one of her numerous daughters. She had brought it with her that no time might be lost while she watched piggy's breakfast.

"She'll do it again, every time," Mac said.

"Then I'll scrub till she learns *better*," replied June, trotting off for water and brush. "Dear me!" she exclaimed, hurrying back, "there! its knee-foot in mud again, and I thought I heard foot-prints going in her house."

"Don't you remember, June Bug, the one we sold for ten dollars did just that way?"

"No, I'm such a forgetter, I can't remember a whole long year, I really can't."

Love's labor met with so much opposition that after vain attempts it was discontinued by the young apostle of cleanliness.

Surely there *never* was a finer looking pig than Venus, as she calmly awaited the coming of the butcher's boy the week before Christmas. June had hired the milk-boy to give her a thorough cleansing with soap and water, and cover the tempting puddle with boards.

I don't think even old Chinese Ho-ti's fine litter of pigs, which his big lubberly son, Bo-bo, roasted and ate ("causing such a tickling pleasure in his lower regions," as Charles Lamb relates, and for which offense "his sire, armed with retributory cudgel, began to rain blows upon the young shoulders as thick as hail-stones") I don't think even those remarkable creatures could at all compare with this American pig. I am positive, too, that no one was ever prouder of anything than the three joint stockholders.

The day after the visit of the butcher's boy, the trio divided the spoils equally. Twenty dollars was the price paid for Venus, six of which went into the three hungry pocket-books, giving them a fat, jolly appearance. After that they marched down to the office of Kincaid & Vestor, where they redeemed their note, June handing out the two silver dollars with a princessian air. But before they began the holiday purchases they loudly gave "Three cheers for the Christmas pig!"

VALENTINE MARCH.

CHINESE KITES.

THE boys in China, like the American boys, find great enjoyment in their kite-flying. In China, however, the sport is not so exclusively a spring-time amusement as it is here, nor are those who engage in it so exclusively boys, for old men and young, youths and children of all sizes, ages, and classes may there be seen eagerly and delightedly engaged in watching and guiding their soaring treasures.

And what wonderful kites the Chinese make! Their manufacture is really quite a fine art. Many of them are of great size and made of costly material. Silk and bamboo, rice paper, cotton cloth, and cotton paper are some of the materials most generally used in kite-making. They have also kites of cheaper manufacture which are made of their common paper, but their common paper is much stronger than the paper generally used for the same purpose in this country.

But the remarkableness of the Chinese kite is not to be found only or even chiefly in the material of which it is made, but in the wonderful, various, and fantastic forms and fashions in which they are con-

structed. Everything that can be copied, and every fancy that can be imagined are embodied in kite-form; add to this the fact that colors of every hue are added to carry out the representation desired, and one can readily realize that their kites must be wonderful and striking creations.

Some of them are intended to represent angels, others are fashioned to resemble (according to supposition, at least), dragons, birds, butterflies, etc., etc. Some, too, are made in imitation of men, and when completed they float and flutter about in the upper air with what grace and ease they may, looking, it must be supposed, droll enough. One can but smilingly think how strongly Mr. Gradgrind, with his entire devotion to "facts," would object to a representation of men flying through the air.

There are days on which China gives herself up unreservedly to this pastime, and when all the different kinds of images are sent aloft, rising with "many a flirt and flutter," the sky presents a very curious and picturesque appearance dotted in every direction with varying figures of every imaginable form and hue.

Some of these kites are of great size. I have read of one which was one hundred and twenty feet in length. It was made of silk and bamboo splints in the form of a huge dragon with immense outspread wings; this, attached to a huge cord, required one hundred boys to guide and govern its flight. Nor was this all its wonderfulness, for numbers of little kites, the exact miniatures of the monster leader, were so arranged as to flit up the great cord. One could easily imagine that they were playing "follow my leader," or that they were eager messengers bearing to their chief the latest news from below, perhaps the criticisms, comments, and admiration of the earth-bound beholders beneath.

These little messenger kites are very often employed in connection with the larger ones. It would seem as though those made, as they frequently are, in the form of tiny birds or butterflies must bear the palm for beauty and appropriateness as they wing their way up the great cord toward their goal, the large kite floating serenely above them.

The approach of the "fall of day" is not there, as here, the signal for the cessa-

tion of the sport. Rather is the pastime then pursued with renewed vigor. The evening display must be even more striking and beautiful than that of the daytime, for the kites are then illuminated with many colored lights, which at intervals send off tiny streamers, flags, stars, balls, etc., and as the little satellite kites also bear colored lights the scene must be wonderful, indeed.

Phon Lee, in his work, *When I was a Boy in China*, thus refers to a certain day in October when it is the custom for every one to go out to enjoy the kite-flying:

"Men and boys of all ranks, sizes, and ages are seen with cords in their hands, pulling, yanking, and jerking agile rice-paper monsters in the azure sky. The fun consists in making the kites fight, in entangling them and cutting one another's strings by sudden jerks."

Boys are, perhaps, especially inclined to enjoy this aerial combat, and may often be seen with kites frequently appropriately made to resemble eagles or other birds of prey, which they manage with great skill, guiding them so that they will circle about and then suddenly swoop down upon some chosen enemy. The combat continues until one or the other is disabled and falls to the earth—where the victory is won and the battle ends.

MARY FERGUSON.

A WEEK WITH THE LITTLE INVALIDS. "GRANDMA'S WAY."

"GRANDMA GLENN is better than the doctor," is the opinion of four sturdy little grandchildren subject to cuts, bruises, bumps, and other ills, who are extremely partial to "grandma" for a nurse and physician.

If the pinch or bruise isn't very bad but severe enough to "hurt," a basin of moderately warm water is brought into the nursery and the little hand dabbled into it until the pain is eased.

A severe pain caused by stepping on a thistle was lately eased in this way.

For deeper bruises and sores grandma's old-fashioned "healing balm," made by stirring together until melted one tablespoonful mutton tallow, one teaspoonful powdered resin, and one tablespoonful

beeswax is spread upon a cloth and applied to the wound.

The bruise should be frequently bathed in blood-warm water and then the healing balm applied.

When a bump swells fast, wring out a bandage in tepid water with a very little vinegar in it, wet brown paper, then cover the bump and bandage quickly. Often a bump will produce an alarmingly large knot upon head or body; treat with the water and keep bandage moist.

When Benny's legs hurt him so much that sleep was impossible after the physician had left a soothing application, "grandma" made two long and large stockings of old and soft muslin, lining them with a layer of cotton wadding. These fluffy, soft stockings were drawn over the aching limbs, keeping out the cold and doing ever so much good.

N. B.—When the eldest daughter of the same family circle became weary and worn with lying so long in bed, a pair of old sheets were tacked thickly with cotton batting, which eased her aching back and gave her relief.

For "croupy" baby Rachel, grandma renders pure mutton suet into tallow and watches carefully the little one's breathing.

A generous application of mutton tallow upon nose, throat, and chest, well rubbed in usually relieves the little sufferer.

Grandma has prejudices against giving medicine unless there is need for it, often saying, "Babies cry for water many a time an' nobody thinks of giving them a drink, forgetting the miniature little man or woman must have his or her thirst quenched."

"Grandma" still brews catnip tea and similar "baby drinks," scornfully ignoring progressive methods of "bringing up babies," and it is not to be denied that she can take a very sick baby into her motherly care and bring them out of it, with very little swallowing of drugs, though she does insist upon them being kept warm, given fresh air, pure water, food that "agrees" with them, a chance to sleep and to breathe in clothes not too "fine" or tight, and will brew for them old-fashioned teas.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

HOME CIRCLE.

DOES IT PAY TO MIND THE RULES.

"HIRAM, it's against orders to smoke or use bad language during working hours. See rule second," said Austin Brown, a young printer, to a comrade who hastily and recklessly searched the "place over" for a missing, much needed article, giving utterance between puffs at his lighted cigar to coarse, even profane language.

"Rules? what do I care for those rules. Who's going to tell the old man that I like a good cigar and occasionally get a little ruffled in temper? Those rules are tyrannical anyway. The boss don't expect them obeyed to the letter. I'm a good and fast workman. He isn't going to turn off a valuable help for little violations, though it might be well for slow coaches like yourself to be up to the mark," retorted Hiram Gore, continuing to turn things "topsy turvey" and to cram into "out-of-the-way places" rags and waste paper.

The color flamed into Austin Brown's cheeks. He was slow-going, though honest and painstaking, and none knew it better than he, as daily he was admonished to "hurry, hurry," with the work assigned him.

"Hi," said an older man, "let me warn you that even you, as well established as you think yourself in the good graces of our employer, may find yourself discharged some morning when you 'get in behind-time.' Mr. Ware is a punctual man, and he made these rules to be obeyed. First he says, 'The hours of this office are, from April 1st to October 1st, 7.00 A. M. to 12 M.; 1.00 P. M. to 6.00 P. M., and from October 1st to April 1st 7.30 A. M. to 12.00 M. and 12.30 P. M. to 6.00 P. M. I expect you here.' I notice that you are habitually five or ten minutes late every morning, and have also seen Mr. Ware look at you very closely."

"Don't I work fast and more than make up time? The boss knows that," replied Hiram, sullenly.

"Mr. Ware asks of his employees prompt obedience and not overwork.

'Rule second.—Positively no smoking or swearing during working hours.'"

"How is he going to find out that I've done both unless some tattler informs him?" inquired Hiram, savagely.

"Such violations will speak for themselves, and no one will turn informer," was the good-natured reply. "And you are forgetting rule third, 'A place for everything. Untidiness will not be tolerated in any case.' Also rule fourth, 'Waste paper and rags must be put in their proper place; oil and benzine cans must be kept corked.' Mr. Ware has reason to insist on a stringent obedience to this rule, as he some years since was burned out by the spontaneous combustion of some rags saturated with oils thrust into an unused corner. Number five is a rule that you do obey, 'All inks and rollers must be kept clean and in their place.' Also number six, 'No form must go to press without an O. K.' And the eighth for another, 'In running transfer checks all stocks spoiled must be made up.' The ninth no one can 'fault you' in observing, 'All "pi" must be distributed at once,' and you do at all times cheerfully as number eleven requires, 'In cases of necessity work overtime,' and you must judge for yourself whether you, as number twelve requests, 'always ask for instructions when in doubt.'"

"According to your showing I keep the majority of those iron-clad rules. The worst that you can say of me, Gardiner, is that I'm a little late of mornings and don't keep things in prime order. The second rule regarding the smoking, Mr. Ware has no right to make. I shall continue to indulge in my cigar when my headaches come on. A fellow cannot be expected to mind every requirement. You'll see Mr. Ware will continue to think me his 'best man,'" said Hiram, complacently, puffing his cigar vigorously as he O. K.'d a form.

Hiram Gore was a "good" workman and valued accordingly by his employer who had "looked over" repeated petty violations of the "Rules."

"Better stick to the rules, my boy, it's

not safe to fall into slack ways or get to thinking it's all right to evade 'em if the boss doesn't find it out. You'll get caught sometime when you're least expecting it. It's not possible to conceal vices from even the careless observer, while neglect of duty and slack ways will not always be condoned even by a lenient employer in a favorite employee. Character, my lad, counts for more than mere business ability without a good one, daily lived up to. I'm glad to see that Austin obeys the rules to the letter."

Old habits are not easily outgrown, and Hiram continued to disregard the first one, requiring prompt appearance in the beginning of the day's work by being habitually a "little late."

The "cigarettes" were smoked when the "boss" was absent, while the soiled waste rags and paper were hastily stuffed into forbidden places.

The day came when the "office" was moved into elegant new quarters and Hiram confidently expected "better pay."

Stepping confidently into the private office an unpleasant surprise was his when informed that "his services would not be required from that time."

"Am I not a good workman?" he inquired, angry and astonished that he, skilled and swift with his work, should be discharged.

"Yes, excellent. I have every reason to commend your work, but, my lad, you have defied a few of my rules that *must* be obeyed," replied Mr. Ware.

"Somebody has tattled."

"Stop, Hiram," interrupted Mr. Ware. "No one has told anything of your methods of doing things. Your tardy arrivals occur every morning. The tobacco odor from your cigarettes smoked during working hours tell me that you violate rule number two, and I have for some weeks searched out the oiled paper and rags hidden away by you in your haste to get through your work. A burned child dreads the fire, and I happen to know that disastrous fires result from rags and paper saturated with oil. In my new office I cannot 'pick up' after you, and can afford to employ only those who *will* to the letter obey the rules so plainly laid down for the deportment of each employee."

Hiram, since leaving the Ware office, has tried several "jobs," finding in each

office the same "tyrannical" rules, and experience is teaching him that it pays in self respect and financially to keep strictly the "rules."

ELLA GUERNSEY.

THE TOP-RAIL CLUB.

OUR meetings grow better and better. The women never had any society that they enjoy more than this club. They do not hang back and blush and whine and complain. Every one is interested and always has something to tell or ask or read or recite. It is very helpful to young housekeepers. It flatters the elder ones. It leads girls into methodical habits. It promotes a delightful degree of sociability. And it gives women something to think about. And all this pleasant association grew out of such a little thing. Susie and ourself waiting there under the trees one summer evening for the boys to bring home the cows from the great lot of hillside, lowlands, wild woods, and meadow banks. A good thing their range was so broad and that they had roamed afar for while waiting the farmers' wives were going home from the village groceries, and the school-ma'am and milliner paused in their evening stroll, and while we sat and chatted until the stars came out, there grew from the wayside trysting our little society.

It was quite as poetical as Bryant's poem: "The Planting of the Apple-tree."

When we look back to the evening of the chance gathering and think of its possibilities, we involuntarily think of the prophecy contained in the first line of every verse, and we say: "What plant we in this apple-tree?"

One of the best things we heard at our last meeting was how Mrs. Blake makes such excellent cucumber pickles. Any woman who has not succeeded in this will be glad that we copied her formula. It can be depended upon. There is none better.

Many women say the bugs got at my vines before they began to bear, even when they were only out of the ground or a few inches in length. Mrs. Blake prevents this annoyance—a very common one—by placing a little box without top or bottom around the young shoot and

covering it over with mosquito netting. The danger from the pest is only for a few days. The box or frame may be of wood or pasteboard.

When she makes pickles she picks the young cucumbers when they are no larger than her thumb or little finger. She gathers them carefully every evening, puts them into a large stone jar in weak brine made of salt and water. When the jar is full and she has enough to begin on she puts them into a tub of cold water for twelve hours, more or less, then scalds them in good cider vinegar in a porcelain kettle. When cool enough to handle easy she packs them closely as they will fit into glass fruit jars—old-fashioned ones that have no covers to fit them. This is a good way of using such odd jars.

After they are filled she pours over spiced vinegar made by allowing to about every quart of vinegar (new, not that in which they were scalded) four small onions cut up fine, about the same bulk of horse-radish roots, pounded, a spoonful of pepper grains, a few sticks of cinnamon and two spoonfuls of brown sugar.

Let this come to scalding heat, then pour over as much as the cans of pickles will contain. On top put a layer of bruised roots of horse-radish. They are preservative.

Have sealing-wax hot and covers of thick muslin already cut out lying waiting. Have them large enough to reach over the tops and tie round the necks. Spread the hot wax on one cover and lay another over it and hurry and put it on while it is hot and soft and pliable. Press it down closely with the hands so as to make it air tight and tie with a narrow strip of muslin round and round. Press close while it is warm. Stand in a dark place. Work with speed and have things ready and handy before you begin, and your work will give satisfaction for years to come, provided you put away a good crop of cucumbers.

They will be crisp and firm and good as new ones.

Then the women discussed green corn. There will be those who can it, and go on experimenting and having their patience tried sorely by the "stuff fermenting after all." Those who can use a soldering iron dexterously may put up green corn that will keep good, but the one way,

safe and sure and good enough, is to dry it, after all.

We have eaten it in the winter time that was quite as good as green new corn. We gave the women our recipe. Take sweet corn before it is hardly good enough for the table; while it is in the milk yet and the grains not richly filled.

Gather it in the early morning, say before your breakfast. Have plenty of hot water ready that you may begin the work immediately, as soon as you can get ready. Use dispatch.

Shave and scrape off finely and while the ears are hot from the scalding water.

Then spread thin on pans and heat it in the oven before you spread it on tables out in the sunshine. Scatter very thin on newspapers in a sunshiny, breezy place where it will not be molested or require watching.

As soon as the sun and winds have dried off the moisture on top, stir it and turn it and change it to another place on the papers. Do not neglect it. Make it your business, and if you obey orders and the long hot day in September was favorable, you can put your corn in a large, loose sack and rattle off up-stairs with it toward evening and lay it near the kitchen stove-pipe to keep on drying till the next day, when it can be put in a window to finish.

It must not be neglected or forgotten till the dews of evening have fallen upon it. If this happens and a taint of fermentation touches it it will not be above reproach.

Something was said that turned the tide of talk to the subject of women—just women.

We could not jot down one quarter of the good things that were said. We whittled our pencil like forty, and wrote right and left, and nodded "huh-huh!" "yes," "just so," "that's right," "I believe that doctrine," and yet our notes are very scrappy and broken. We will have to give them as we got them.

"Oh! yes, it's a shame for a mortal creetur to be very partic'lar. Mis' Peters was with us calling that day. We found her just as we expected—had on her working kitchen apron. Met us in the door with her dustin' cloth in 'er hand and here it was nearly five o'clock.

"She's an awful cleanly woman. She

has the knack, too, o' making her cleanliness uncomfortable and a good deal more unacceptable than dirt itself. She stooped down as we passed into the sittin'-room and grunted as she picked up a white raveling from the carpet.

"She said if she had it to do over ag'in red an' green carpet would never come into the house. One of her boys was bringin' in wood an' she up an' after him like mad, yellin' out, 'You John Sylvester, do try an' be carefuller,' and she said it in that tone of voice that rasps an' cuts like a knife.

"I never saw such immaculate cleanliness.

"The stove shone like silver. It must 'a' taken her a half day to polish it up to that degree o' brightness, an' a body could have eaten off her floor it was so awful clean.

"She fetched her kitchen into her parlor as you may say, for she couldn't keep off the subject of her continual thoughts.

"She said, 'It takes me all the time to clean up after the boys. Now lion upon lion does no good. I can't teach them to open an' shut doors by handling only the knobs. They will touch the woodwork an' if there is anything I do abominate it is the smudge about the door-knobs.' All the while she was talking she had a searchin' eye out for ravelings or specks, or bits o' lint or something that needed pickin'.

"We didn't stay long. We call there not for the pleasure of it but because we've known her and John both ever since they were little tots playin' on the pond and coastin' down Hawley's Hill. As we went home I couldn't help remarkin' to S'lidy, that's Mis' Peters, that some people make the'r religion as obnoxious as they do the'r cleanliness. I often wonder what sort o' downtrodden, soulless men and women her poor children will turn out."

Some of the women were so sharp and witty and said such sensible things.

Speaking of women looking like dowdies, one, a sweet-souled, bright-eyed widow, said:

"Why, from baby's boots up to grandma's cap, it is a question of perplexity. Actual beauty is possessed by so few; the most of us look as if we had fished for our different features in a grab-bag and brought out inharmonious noses and eyes that will not rhyme, so the best we can do is

'to mind our manners' and dress with taste.

"Goldsmith says, 'An emperor in his nightcap will not meet half the respect of an emperor in his crown.' We know very well if our knock at a stranger's door be answered by a woman without a collar, we would find it hard to tell whether she was maid or mistress, even though the old blue blood were throbbing in her veins. We can remember women who were spirited, original and spicy, who could make anecdote or description almost too good to be true, who could quote accurately and 'pat' with no slovenliness of speech anywhere.

"And they could sit and talk in a dress that had no fashion and that fit neither the curves of health or the angles of disease, made of colors that fairly swore at each other, utterly unconscious that the caller's eye was offended and that half the people in town knew she was a confirmed dowdy long before they knew anything better of her.

"There are a few women who seem to know that the latest fashion cannot accommodate us all alike—the lean and long, the stout and stunted, the fair and freckled.

"Nice thing when a woman knows what color to wear, like Mary Wrenn, for instance. Whenever she finds anything in the way of color or shape suitable for a short, plump woman with brown face, brown hair, and bright brown eyes, she claims it for her own and wears it and independently clings to it no matter what any of the Grundy tribe may say about it.

"If every woman would do the same we would see more true beauty, ease, complacency, contentment, fewer crow's tracks and wrinkles. Every change of fashion, from the fig leaves of long ago to the furbelows of to-day has carried with it little worries that very few women escape."

And here the criticisms came in; some witty, some wise, and all sensible and womanly.

The doctor's wife said it seemed to her that there was nothing the American woman was not able to undertake, all the way from music and painting, writing poetry and giving fifty-dollar lectures, down to raising chickens, keeping bees, coloring carpet rags, making new clothes

out of old ones, and having the best kitchen garden in the town. She was right, and because they can do anything they try to do everything and this is why nature cries out against this great sin of coveteousness. No one person is allowed to have or do everything.

Only a certain amount of vitality is manufactured within a given amount of time, and if the expenditure exceeds the income the result is misery. And this is the state of our women—misery from overwork. They will not understand the relative value of things.

Luxury and beauty have a great moral influence, but they are not as valuable as health and peace of mind and rest and comfort of body.

There is no moral influence so great as that of a cheerful woman. Her price is above rubies, but, like the Indian chief, we are forced to say mournfully as he did: "Too much house! Too much house!"

That is what ails half the pale sick women; they are dying slowly of "Too much house!"

Where there is too much house as there was in the case of Mis' Peters' raveling-picker, there is too little home always. Good home-keeping is far better than good house-keeping; it is more important.

The housekeeper needs to assert her individuality.

She must not try to please everybody. She does not need to imitate her neighbors. We are slow to own it, but many things in our homes are done with an "eye single" to our neighbors. We care for what they may say and think of us.

It is a bad plan. Better to prune our labors down and lop off here and there to match our strength and capacity.

In some homes there is an embarrassment of riches in shape of pretty things to be dusted daily and cared for, little treasures it may be that have to be kept in order, and wherefore; other people have them. The best families always have such bric-a-brac, little mementos and rare things that tax space and strength, stealing one's time that might be better bestowed upon higher things.

Many of the excellencies that make life worth the living are ignored by this means.

Women must solve for themselves the

question of simplifying living in order to ennoble domestic life, but it is safe to say with the woman who broke the bonds of her own self-thralldom that,

"There's too much worry goes to a bonnet;
There's too much ironing goes to a shirt."

They cause their own headaches and backaches, and too often their own heartaches and irritability, and their own bartering of youth and beauty and freshness and cheerfulness for wrinkles and frowns and monotonous mutterings of discontent and fault-finding.

How to cook tomatoes like the blacksmith's wife did at the festival given to pay for the new church carpet. My! but they were delicious! How anybody could cook them with cinnamon and sugar after tasting hers. Every woman was detailed to perform whatever she excelled in at home was how the blacksmith's wife came to cook the tomatoes. She cooked them this way, a spiderful at a time:

Pare four, only four, mind, good sized ones, put into the spider over a good fire, with a pint of boiling water and a trifle of salt; put in a good big piece of butter and as soon as it has boiled up together lay in a slice or two of bread, or bits of dry broken crusts and pieces, and when it has cooked so as to become thoroughly incorporated, taste and see if there is salt and butter enough in it and if there is, it is done and may be poured out into a hot tureen.

There should be plenty of liquid about it and the butter should have cooked in with the taste of the tomatoes. Cook it as quickly as possible and dish it up, and never cook in an old gray stew-pan of doubtful moral standing, as our help did once, not in malice, but ignorantly. The dish will be vastly improved if a tea-cup of sweet cream is added after they are in the tureen, not before.

The wife of the Mount Moriah minister came all the way down on horseback.

We marveled at her, but she said she had always been accustomed to horseback riding. She also said rather than miss the Society she would have walked all the way.

At this we all, women and girls, as if moved by one impulse, took out our handkerchiefs and gave the little woman the Chautauqua salute. It was very in-

spiring. The little one laughed till she hid her fair face in her hands. We'll warrant she will come every time.

What a fast friend she is to women. Why, her love is broad enough to cover them all.

She said: "I want to suggest something that I can't quit thinking about. You all know how many wives and mothers there are within your own knowledge and own neighborhood who never go out anywhere unless it is to mother's or aunty's, quite the same as staying at home.

"Now we owe a duty to this very class. They need recreation, amusement, fresh air, companionship. They need to grow. A plant cannot thrive in a cellar. Let us make it our business to see that such women get away from home occasionally. If there is a good lecture, concert, sermon, festival, or woman's missionary meeting or public entertainment let us make them go with us.

"Women can get into a habit of sticking in-doors, and at home so persistently that they will not care to go out, they

will narrow down and the whole world to them will be inside of the four square walls."

She said a few days before she called on a woman, a nice little body who never went out. While there a neighbor just across the lot called in and she remarked to her in a free, pleasant way: "You ought to invite Fanny to go with you some evening, Mrs. McFadden, she would be good company I know. If you don't she will never go out I am sure."

"Yes I might," was the reply, "but I think when a woman has come up to her years and her experience she knows her own business best."

It is just this selfishness that makes us to forget the quiet little "home bodies," so patient and listlessly content that they are like brooding birds dozing on their branch-hung nests.

The good woman's suggestion came from a kind and loving heart. It was received pleasantly, and we doubt not but great good will be the result. The hint was enough.

PIPSEY POTTIS.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

THE INVESTIGATION CLUB.

"SUGAR and spice, and all that is nice"—I say, auntie, is that what gingerbread is made of?" sang the gay voice of Ralph, as he came sauntering into the sitting-room one evening, with a huge slice of gingerbread in hand, which he proceeded to consume with evident enjoyment.

"Not exactly!" I replied, "for though gingerbread may contain 'sugar and spice,' it doesn't contain 'all that is nice,' although almost every one will agree with you that good gingerbread is a nice article of food."

"Pie, pie!" said our little two-year old pet—baby Howard—as he came to me and smilingly exhibited his apron-pocket stuffed to its utmost dimensions with gingerbread.

"Pie! is it good pie, Howard?" I inquired, with interest.

"Pie, dood!" said our baby. Then with an air of the greatest satisfaction, he settled himself in his little chair to enjoy his lunch.

"I wonder where the first gingerbread was made," said Mabel, musingly. "Auntie," she continued, "you were going to tell us something about ginger this evening, can't you give us some information in regard to gingerbread, too, please?"

"I suspected you would be wanting to find out something about that highly pleasing compound, so thought you might have a gingerbread lunch this evening, and then we would have our talk."

"A ginger, gingerbread talk," said Ralph, with a roguish look, "will have to be carried on in a gingerly manner. I

wonder if they made gingerbread a hundred years ago."

"Just multiply your one hundred by five, Ralph, would be my suggestion," I replied.

"Why, auntie!" said the astonished Ralph, "you don't mean that people made gingerbread five hundred years ago!"

"Yes, I do mean it; for it is doubtless true that gingerbread has been a favorite article of food for centuries. Monteil, in his *History of France*, tells us that it was made and sold in Paris early in the fourteenth century—that would be five hundred years ago—and was then made of rye dough, flavored with ginger and other spices, and sweetened with honey."

"Well," said Mabel, "I had no idea people had been eating gingerbread for centuries. What mountains of it must have been devoured!"

"It is said to have been introduced into England in the latter part of the thirteenth, or early in the fourteenth century, by the Court of King Henry IV; and since that time has held an important place in the pleasures of old and young at the fairs and festivals of that country. Changes were made in its composition soon after it appeared in England, and instead of honey—which was quite expensive—they used the cheaper treacle (the English name for what we call syrup or molasses), which was then in use; this changed the color of the cake, and to conceal that the cake was decorated with fancy figures and covered with colored frosting or gilding. 'To take the gilt off the gingerbread,' became a proverb. And the fancy ornaments cut out of wood, which decorate many houses, gained the name of 'gingerbread work' because of their resemblance to the figures on the cakes."

"Well, I often wondered how the name of 'gingerbread work' originated," said Mabel, "for I couldn't see how fancy ornaments of wood resembled gingerbread."

"And as we sit here this evening and eat our gingerbread, doesn't it seem queer to think some other people ate gingerbread five hundred years ago?" said Ralph.

"I suppose it would be a difficult matter to learn as to just when or where the first gingerbread was made. Ginger

has been cultivated from time beyond memory; it is not known when it came into use, but the old Romans are said to have used varieties of it. The Roman historian, Pliny, tells of it, and says it was brought from Arabia."

"I never supposed ginger was such an ancient article," said Mabel, "and now I am eager to learn more."

"Ginger, or Zingiber, as it is called in botany—is a genus of plants of the natural order Zingiberaceæ. They are natives of East Indies and other tropical countries. The species are perennial, herb-like plants, with annual stems and creeping root-stocks. Root-stocks are called rhizomes in botany. The root-stocks of most of the species are used in medicine and cookery, but the most valuable and generally used are those of our common ginger, which is *Zingiber officinalis*—also called Zangiber and Zinziber—and is sometimes distinguished as the narrow-leaved ginger. It has been cultivated in the East Indies for centuries, and is now also cultivated in other tropical countries, particularly the West Indies and on the West coast of Africa, in Sierra Leone. From these countries, its root-stocks—the ginger of commerce—are shipped abroad in great quantities."

"The root-stocks are of a creeping character, growing just under the ground, and are about the thickness of a man's finger—knotty, fibrous, and full of substance when fresh."

"The stems which they send up are like reeds in appearance, invested with the smooth sheaths of the leaves, generally three or four feet high; the leaves are long, slender, pointed and smooth, and produced in two opposite rows. The flowers are not produced on the leafy stems, but on short, leafless stems or scapes in compact spikes about the size of a man's thumb with a leaf or set of leaves at the base of the spike. The flowers are of a whitish color, the edge streaked with purple. Some varieties have very handsome flowers."

"How do they gather ginger and prepare it for market?" asked Ralph.

"When the stems have withered—they die off every year, but the roots live—the root-stocks are taken up and prepared for market, either by seething and scald-

ing in boiling water—in order to kill them—and then drying them; or by scraping, washing, and then drying. The roots scalded in boiling water are changed by the heat, and make what is called black ginger, while the scraped and washed yields the white ginger; the blackest of black ginger, however, is not black, but only of a dark color; and the whitest of white ginger is far from perfectly white, unless bleaching by chloride of lime is employed—after scraping and washing, as it often is—a process which improves its appearance, but is not considered advantageous in any other respect. There is great difference, however, in the original color of the root-stocks in the ginger of different countries, which is thought to be due to the difference in the varieties cultivated.”

“I suppose ginger requires a hot, dry climate, doesn’t it, auntie?” interrogated Ralph.

“No, not dry, but warm and moist; its cultivation is very easy wherever the climate is suitable. In India it is extensively cultivated on the Himalaya Mountains, to a great height—four or five thousand feet—in moist situations, as well as on the low lands, or in the valleys.”

“Ginger is used for a good many purposes, and in many different forms, isn’t it?” inquired Mabel.

“Yes,” I replied, “it is used quite extensively in medicine and cookery, and also used in confectionery, and as a confection or sweetmeat. Its qualities depend very much on a pale yellow oil which it contains, called oil of ginger. It contains, also, quite a large quantity of starch.

“The essence of ginger, which is much used for flavoring, is a tincture prepared of ginger and alcohol.

“Syrup of ginger is used chiefly by druggists for flavoring. Powdered or ground ginger is used for our gingerbread, snaps, cookies, and various kinds of food, and is also used for ginger-tea—a very excellent remedy for different ailments.”

“What do they do to it when they fix it up good and sweet, like candy?” asked Ralph.

“That is the *candied* or *preserved* ginger. It consists of the young root-stocks

preserved in sugar, and is now imported in considerable quantities from China, and also from the East and West Indies. It is considered a delicious sweetmeat or confection, and is useful also as a tonic.”

“And what about other species of ginger, auntie?” asked Mabel.

“There is a species called *Zingiber Zerumbet*, also known as ‘broad-leaved ginger.’ This species is cultivated in Java, and the root-stocks are much thicker than those of the common ginger, and less pungent. The root-stocks of this species are sometimes wrongly called ‘round zedoary.’”

“Zedoary! What is that? It sounds like a queer name for a plant,” said Ralph.

“Zedoary is a species of *curcuma*, which is a genus of *Zingiberaceæ*. The plants are quite like the common ginger in their manner of growth, and the root-stocks are used for similar purposes.

“*Zingiber Mioga* is another species of ginger, and is much used in Japan. It, also, is less pungent than our common ginger.

“In Northern India, cattle sent to graze in the jungles during the rainy season, are supplied with the roots of a species of ginger to preserve their health. This species is known as *Zingiber Capitatum*.”

“What an ideal!” exclaimed Mabel. “But it is a good one, and proves that those people believe in the old adage: ‘An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.’”

“Yes,” said Ralph, “they don’t wait for their cattle to get sick, but use means to keep off sickness.”

“The *Aristolochia* family are natives of North America, and one species—the *Asarum Canadense*, is also known as Canada Wild Ginger, Indian Ginger, and sometimes called Snakeroot, though it is not what is generally known as Snake-root. It is used as a substitute for ginger—has a pleasant, spicy odor and taste; is a stimulant, tonic, and will induce perspiration.

“There are other species and varieties of *Zingiber*—one species smells like camphor, and has a bitter taste. You have already found there is much more in ginger than you ever dreamed of, and have gained information in regard to the

most important species, so we will not pursue the subject further," said I.

"What a wonderful history the most common plant or fruit may have! and yet we never think of it unless we undertake to study it up, then our eyes are opened," said Madel.

"The history of gingerbread has interested me as much as the subject of ginger," said Ralph. "But, ho! look at Howard. The sand man has been doctoring the little fellow's eyes until he can't see how to finish eating his piece of gingerbread."

ANNA B. QUILLIN.

NOTIONS FOR THE KITCHEN.

VISITING the kitchen furnishing department of one of our large stores recently, I was impressed with the great variety of simple contrivances for making work easy for the housekeeper. From among the number, I will mention a few of the eminently practical ones, which will save their cost in a short time, especially to the young housewife who fills the double position of mistress and maid in her modest home.

Here are scissors for trimming lamp-wicks. The blades are short, and one of them has a shelf-like extension which holds the burnt end of the wick when cut off. These shears should be kept for this purpose alone, and a good pair, when properly cared for, will last a lifetime.

The best among the flour-sifters is one shaped like a round, flat-bottomed dish; it is made of wire mesh and has a handle which may be easily removed when desirable. This sifter is placed directly on the flour in the barrel, and turned and twisted until the flour fills it, being sifted upward from below. The common-size measures just a quart. This sifter is useful for straining sauce and vegetables.

A carpet-stretcher will be found very convenient at house-cleaning time. It is formed of an oblong piece of wood at one end of a wooden handle a foot and a half or two feet long. In the flat part is fastened a piece of leather filled with wires in such a way as to catch into the carpet and push it into place when applied, without tearing the carpet. This is a great saving to the hands and works well.

A handy thing to have is a furniture-whip of twisted cane, with strong but

elastic handle, for beating heavy garments, mattresses, and upholstered furniture. These are sold in different weights to suit the strength of the user.

One who has ever had a clothes-sprinkler would never willingly be without one. It is similar to a flour-dredger, but has a longer handle convenient to grasp. In the top is a hole large enough to pour water in when filling it, and which is closed with a screw top.

A trifle, but a useful one, is the egg-timer, a cylindrical tube compressed in the middle hour-glass fashion, and containing sand. It is fastened upon a card marked with degrees like the thermometer, and the flow of the sand indicates "hard, soft, medium," etc. It is to be hung upon the kitchen wall.

There may be a few women who do not yet own an "iron dish cloth," but their number lessens every day. The most conservative of objectors to all modern improvements, if once they are induced to try this little article, yield to its charms. It is composed of numerous stout iron rings, neatly interwoven, and when pushed about in a bath of warm suds over the soiled surface of the iron kettle or spider it cleans it like magic. It clears the dinner plates from the mutton fat which hardens so quickly, and is easily cleaned itself by being rubbed between the palms of the hands with a little soap.

For draining dishes a wooden rack which opens like the letter X is used, or a large open stand of nickel-plated wire, from which material many other handy contrivances are formed. Here is the soap holder arranged to hook upon the pail when scrubbing is to be done; instead of letting the soap soak in the water after the manner of careless servants; also a similar receptacle for use on the bath-tub. A soap saver is a round wire-box with a stiff handle. All the small pieces of soap are put in and it is shaken in the hot dish-water when needed.

The merits of the egg-beater are too well known to need comment here. How did we ever contrive to beat eggs without one? and yet the wire spoon is better to use when a firm, unfailing meringue is wanted.

To save burning the fingers and possibly spilling or breaking the pies a "lifter" is necessary. This is made of

stout wire and clasps the pie above and below so that it may be turned or lifted out of the oven without difficulty.

A family that use many nuts should have a nut-cracker which resembles an alligator's jaws. The nut is cracked by a single motion of the iron handle of the lever.

These helps are all of but trifling expense, and some of them are found on the bargain counters of the large stores.

HOW TO PREPARE OYSTERS.

OYSTERS form a very important article of food, not only on account of their nutritive qualities, but as well for their suitableness to all occasions and the great variety of ways in which they may be served.

Yet they are often spoiled in cooking, and few cooks are familiar with the different modes of preparing them. As many new and excellent recipes for cooking oysters have lately been introduced, we give them, with old and reliable ones, for the benefit of all lovers of these delicious bivalves.

OYSTERS SERVED ON ICE.—Take a thick, clear block of ice, weighing eight or ten pounds. With a red-hot iron mark out a space, leaving a wall of about ten inches. Melt out the centre from this. Empty out the water, and fill the space with oysters. Place on a flat dish, garnish with sliced lemon, and bunches of fresh parsley.

OYSTER STEW.—Put a quart of fresh oysters in their own liquor in a sauce-pan, set on the fire, let it get very hot, but not boil, take out the oysters, add half a pint of rich milk to the liquor, season with salt and pepper to taste, add a large tablespoonful of butter. When well heated, pour over the oysters and serve.

OYSTERS ROASTED IN THE SHELL.—Wash the shells clean and wipe dry. Put in a baking-pan, and set inside the stove twenty-five minutes. Serve on hot dishes, with butter, pepper, and salt.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Select fine, large oysters. Drain and dry them. Do not pierce with a fork. Season with salt and pepper. Dip first in grated bread-crumbs, then in beaten egg; let stand fifteen minutes, and roll in grated bread-crumbs

again, covering every part carefully. Fry in boiling grease. When brown take up carefully, and drain on brown paper. Serve immediately. Garnish with chopped cucumber pickles.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Put a layer of oysters in a baking-dish, cover with a thick layer of bread-crumbs (stale); spread over with bits of butter, season with pepper and salt, add another layer of oysters. Continue till the dish is full. Put bread-crumbs on top. Pour over half a teacup each of oyster liquor and rich milk. Bake in a quick oven for fifteen minutes until brown. Serve immediately.

STEAMED OYSTERS.—Lay some oysters in the shell in a steamer, set over a pot of boiling water until the shells open. Serve at once with a little salt, pepper, and butter.

OYSTER SAUTÉ.—Drain two dozen oysters, and dry on a coarse cloth. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and roll in cracker meal. Put two or three slices of bacon in a frying-pan, and fry all the grease out. Take up the bacon, and cover the bottom of the pan with oysters. When brown on one side, turn and brown on the other. Serve on toast.

PANNED OYSTERS.—Put oysters in a colander to drain. Put an iron pan over the fire, let heat very hot, throw in the oysters, and shake and stir until they boil. Season with salt, pepper, and butter. Dish up and serve immediately.

CREAMED OYSTERS.—Put three dozen oysters on to boil in their own liquor; as soon as they come to a boil, drain. Put a pint of cream on to boil. Rub two ounces of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour together, and add to the cream. Stir until it thickens, add the oysters, season with salt and pepper; stir and heat. Serve immediately.

FRICASSEE OF OYSTERS.—Boil a quart of oysters in their own liquor, drain. Put two ounces of butter in a frying-pan, let melt, stir in flour to thicken, mix until smooth, thin with a pint of milk, stir until it boils, add the oysters, season with salt and cayenne pepper. Take from the fire, add the lightly-beaten yolks of three

eggs, with a tablespoonful of chopped parsley.

OYSTER KABOBS.—Chop a small onion fine, with a dessert-spoonful of parsley, and a dozen mushrooms. Put in a stew-pan, let fry one minute in a large spoonful of butter, add a scant spoonful of flour. Stir all together, drop in as many fat oysters as desired; they *must* have been blanched in their own liquor, and the beards removed. Stir all around, and add three beaten yolks of eggs. String six oysters on each little skewer, basting with the sauce. Let each skewer cool, then roll the whole in beaten eggs and abundance of meal. Fry ten minutes in very hot, deep fat; serve on a napkin.

DEVILED OYSTERS.—Drain two dozen and half of nice fat oysters. Chop and drain again. Put half a pint of rich milk on to heat. Rub a tablespoonful each of butter and flour together, and stir in the milk. When thick, take from the fire, add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, the oysters, yolks of three eggs well beaten, a little salt and pepper.

Have deep oyster-shells washed (or use scallop shells), fill them with the mixture, sprinkle with stale bread-crumbs, set in a baking-pan, put in a very hot oven eight minutes. Serve in the shells. Garnish with sliced lemon and parsley.

CREOLE DEVILED OYSTERS.—Put a layer of oysters in a shallow baking-pan, spread with bread-crumbs, bits of butter, mustard, and vinegar, season with salt and pepper, put in the pan in alternate layers, put bread-crumbs and butter on top, squeeze over a little lemon juice and bake.

KROMESKIES OF OYSTERS.—Put twenty-five oysters on to boil in their own liquor, drain, and save a half-cupful of the liquor. Chop the oysters fine, add them to the half-cupful of liquor and boil one minute, then add a tablespoonful of parsley, twelve drops of onion juice, half a cup of cream, a cup of the white meat of a chicken chopped fine, and three chopped mushrooms. Stir until the mixture boils, add the yolks of two eggs, with salt and pepper; mix well, and turn out to cool. When cold, roll into cylinders an inch and a half long. Cut

half a pound of bacon into thin slices, roll each little cylinder in a slice of bacon, dip in French fritter batter, and fry in boiling fat. Serve immediately, garnished with parsley.

CURRIED OYSTERS.—Put oyster liquor in a sauce-pan from a quart of oysters, add half a teacup of butter, two table-spoonfuls of flour, and one of curry powder; let boil, add the oysters, and serve.

OYSTER PATÉS.—Stew some oysters in a little of their own liquor, add cream, butter, a little nutmeg, pepper, and salt. Let cool. Have shells of puff paste or little cases prepared, lay two or three oysters in each, and pour in the gravy.

OYSTER PIE.—Line a deep pan with rich crust. Put in a quart of oysters, season with butter, salt, pepper, and a little nutmeg. Add a well-beaten egg and half a pint of crushed crackers, pour in the oyster liquor, cover the top with crust, and bake brown.

OYSTER CHOWDER.—Take three very thin slices of salt pork, two small onions, and three potatoes, and boil until nearly done. Soak three dozen crackers, put four dozen oysters in the sauce-pan with the pork, add a quart of milk, the crackers, a little salt and pepper, boil one minute.

OYSTER CROQUETTES.—Put two dozen oysters on to boil in their own liquor. Let it come to a boil. Take from the fire, drain, and chop. Put half a pint of the liquor in a sauce-pan, with a teacup of cream, thicken with a tablespoonful of flour and butter each, rubbed together. Stir until the milk boils, add the oysters, the yolks of three eggs, and stir one minute, take from the fire, and season with a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a half of a grated nutmeg, a little salt and cayenne pepper. Mix well and turn out to cool. When cold form in croquettes, roll in beaten egg, then in bread-crumbs, and fry in boiling lard.

OYSTER FRITTERS.—Chop three dozen oysters fine. Beat two eggs until light, add a cup of milk, two cupfuls of sifted flour, with a little salt, beat until smooth, add a small spoonful of baking-powder and the oysters, stir, and drop by spoon-

fuls in the boiling lard. Brown on both sides.

OYSTER LOAF.—Take a stale loaf of bread, with a sharp knife take out the crumbs from the centre, leaving the crust whole. Dry the crumbs on the stove, and pound. Put an ounce of butter in a frying-pan, and fry the crumbs. Boil a quart of milk, thicken with a little flour and butter, season with salt and pepper, add a well-beaten egg, take from the fire. Put a layer of the mixture in the loaf, then a layer of oysters and bread-crumbs, alternately, until the loaf is full. Put crumbs on last, lay in a pan, and bake half an hour. Served with sliced lemon and parsley.

OYSTER SALAD.—Take half a gallon of fresh oysters, the yolks of six hard-

boiled eggs, a raw egg, two spoonfuls of salad oil, two tablespoonfuls of mustard, with pepper, salt, one teacup of vinegar, and four bunches of celery. Drain the liquor from the oysters, and put them in hot vinegar and let simmer five minutes. Let cool, mash the yolks of the eggs, mix the other ingredients, and pour over the chopped celery and oysters. Set on ice until very cold.

OYSTERS AND MACARONI.—Boil three ounces of macaroni, cut in pieces. Put a layer in the bottom of a baking-dish, then a layer of fresh raw oysters, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and bits of butter, add another layer of macaroni, continue until the dish is full, sprinkle the top with grated cheese, lay over bits of butter, and bake until brown.

NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

Well-tried recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on subjects of special interest to women are cordially invited for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking any information they may desire. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

HINTS FOR FALL WORK.

MRS. M. L. C. asks if I can give her a few ideas on poultry raising. As this is an occupation to which I have devoted much time during the past few years, I will gladly give her the varied results of my own experience upon a subject which I have never seen discussed through the columns of the "HOME" Magazine. Perhaps we would better not introduce, at first, any lengthy ideas, since it is already growing late in the season.

If we have the work to do ourselves, what we can do this fall will save delay in the spring. The mud and rain, thawing and sleeting of February, and blustering, chilling winds of March are very unfavorable for digging around in the fence corners for last summer's dilapi-

dated chicken-coops and half-filled nest boxes! How much better to have them repaired, cleansed, and white-washed, and stowed away dry in some unused shed. Egg-shells dried in the oven, and crushed, can also be stored away, together with the bones which may accumulate, which should first be burned and powdered, as we wish to mix them with the winter chicken feed. Corn warmed almost to parching, and thick milk turned to cheese are also excellent egg producers. We must also keep a supply of sand and gravel near the fowls in a sheltered place. If we are permitted to have our "say," let us hear from others on the gape question, its prevention and cure.

There are so many other things that should be done during the pleasant fall weather, too, that it would be poor charity, indeed, to call a delicate, overworked woman "inefficient" because she is always behind-hand with her work. It is hard to crowd so many trades into one pair of slender hands, which so often belong to housekeeper, cook, nurse maid, dressmaker, milliner, gardener, poultry-woman, and a dozen other avocations. But if we can, just let some of the loose ends go, and make a little preparation for the stormy, cold days of winter, thus in

the long run saving health and time. The hazy days are nice for coloring carpet-rags. The best parts of old coats, pants, and dresses may be colored black and made up this winter into warm jackets and dresses for the children; now that black is so stylish for them, even the fragments can be used, either alone or combined with brighter colors. Faded gloves and stockings can be colored in a *very strong* dye, then scalded in strong salt and water to keep them from crocking, and well-rinsed.

Sacks and bureau drawers should be overhauled; rummaging garrets and closets as possible places in which to find pieces, patches, and trimmings is not the most pleasant pastime on a freezing winter's day.

If we can enlist the services of "John" in helping to fill our flower-beds with well-rotted fertilizer and sand, perhaps our seeds will be sown before the first of June; and if we are inclined to be fanciful in the adornment of our yards, we can this fall hunt up crooked limbs, bark, hollow stumps, or anything of that sort which we can fashion into rustic-work between now and spring. In one corner of the woodshed we can store our treasures, together with boxes of dirt ready for early cultivation. Winter days are apt to prove tedious to both children and older ones, and if we can produce a ray of sunshine by diversion in work or entertainments, let us leave nothing to regret in after days.

AUNT HOPE.

A NOVEL EXCHANGE.

DEAR "HOME" FRIENDS:—Christmas is almost here again, isn't it? That is, it is time for us who must make our gifts to begin thinking about them. I often wonder what each housekeeper with whom I have become acquainted through her writings in "Notes" will prepare and receive at this dear season; sometimes I have wished we might exchange some little gifts or remembrances, and lately a new idea has come to me. Why can we of the "HOME" band not exchange autograph cards, with postage-stamp photos? Other household "sisters" do this and find it very pleasant. I should like to know where to obtain the photos, and hope all will like the plan.

I have recently made a head-rest which is very pretty. I used figured China silk, but plush, or cretonne, or other material may be used instead. Take two colors, making so that the cushion can be used either side out; I used blue and yellow silk, figured with white. Make two cushions, exactly alike, each about eight by thirteen inches, filling with perfumed cotton to a thickness of an inch. Procure sixteen small brass rings, cover them with double crochet, using white knitting silk, tie a heavy tassel of the silk in four of these, sew the remaining twelve along one side of each cushion at equal distances—a little more than two inches—apart, lace together with half-inch white ribbon, letting the cushions hang two and one-half or three inches apart, fasten one of the ring tassels to each of the four lower corners, and your head-rest is complete. For a Christmas gift nothing is nicer, as it is very suitable for any friend who may own a chair!

Perhaps some may like to know more about making these crochet rings, which are used in fancy work in a great many ways, and if purchased ready-made the cost is considerable. The rings used are the small brass ones which may be bought for two or three cents a dozen at fancy goods or harness stores. Rope linen, silk, or even wool may be used in covering them. Hold the ring between thumb and forefinger of the left hand, put the hook through the ring, catch the thread and draw it under, forming a loop over the needle; next, put the hook over the ring, take up the thread and draw it through the loop. * Now, with the hook draw thread through the ring, making two stitches on the needle, take up the thread and draw over the ring, through these two stitches. Repeat from *. To form a tassel or fringe, cut silk of the length and thickness desired, put it through the ring, and tie snugly on the outside, close to the ring. Some other time I will give some ways for using these rings.

Some time ago a correspondent asked about "French transfer designs" for use on banners, plaques, handkerchief cases, etc. I, too, should like to know something about this work as I am one of the "unfortunates" who cannot paint, but love to do fancy work.

SISTER MAME.

[We can have a sample of the transfers with full directions for use, sent you on receipt of a dime, with postage, and will willingly at the same time mail you a "specimen" postage-stamp photo. The exchange must be a pleasant one, certainly.]

WHAT TO MAKE FOR CHRISTMAS.

I will tell you of some things I have been making. First, is an apron for grandmother, who delights in pretty things but considers a white apron a "vanity of vanities" because it has to be washed so often. I bought one and one-fourth yards of fine black lawn in the very small checks which you find in gingham, turned and basted up the hem, then with Barbour's flax embroidery thread, old-gold, in size 00, worked a cross-stitch pattern across the bottom, having the lower edge of the pattern come over the hem to hold it. I then shirred the top, leaving a heading, fastened on ties of old-gold satin ribbon, and you have no idea how pretty it is. Having a little of the flax thread left, I made a knitting bag of black lasting, working a scattered pattern on one side in outline stitch. It will hang on the back of the old-fashioned rocker to hold the knitting-work when the dear old hands are not busied with it, as they nearly always are in waking hours.

Next, a tray-cloth for mother—two of them, in fact, one with the "tea-cup" design and the other with the crossed carving set. For these I purchased fine linen, cut them of requisite size, and hem-stitched them myself, thereby having them cost me less, besides being newer and nicer than the ready-stamped, fringed ones. These I worked with the orange flax thread, one in outline and the other in chain stitch.

For Aunt Lou, who is an invalid and confined to her room a great deal, I have been making a generous head-rest and cushion for her easy chair, of blue denim, making it up light side out, and working it in dark-blue flax thread, size 00. The outlined patterns were large and open, and on the head-rest, intermingled with the scattered leaves and blossoms, I worked the words, "Here let the tired head rest." I have planned to make her a bed-spread of Bolton sheeting, out-

lined with orange flax thread, but shall hardly get it done before Christmas.

For Cousin May I shall make a bureau scarf, and for Aunt Mildred a set of doilies, each outlined with a different fruit piece. All such things I can make myself with little outlay of money, and I think my friends appreciate them. As I make my own patterns, frequently designing them, the stamping costs me nothing, and the flax threads are beautiful and comparatively inexpensive. Hoping that these few hints may benefit some of the "HOME" readers, I will close.

COUSIN ANNA.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS.

Often it is not the value of the gift but the thought which comes with it which we value; some bit of handiwork from a dear friend is more prized than a costly memento would be from one who, we feel, gives because it is "the fashion," or in return for or expectation of a like favor. Perhaps some suggestions of little articles which can be easily made at home may not come amiss.

A pin and needle-case, combined, was recently seen. To make it, cut three pieces of card-board in the shape of a Japanese fan, about two and one-half inches in diameter, and with a piece projecting from one side of each for the handle. This should be two inches long and a little less than one-half inch wide. Cover one side of one piece with garnet (or other color) velvet, one side of another piece with silk of the same shade, place a layer of perfumed wadding between, and over-seam or blind stitch the two neatly together. This forms the pin-case, the pins being stuck into the cotton between the pieces. Cover one side of the third piece with the velvet and line it with the silk (if desired, the two sides may be made alike, both being used for pins). Cut from white cashmere or fine flannel two or three circles for leaves to hold the needles, button-hole stitch the edges around with blue silk, or notch them neatly, if preferred, and fasten them on the inside of the second cover at the point where the two are hinged together—which is done by sewing about three-eighths of an inch just opposite the

handle. Fasten a tiny bow of ribbon just here, and tie another around the handles, fastening it to one side to tie around the other when closed. Let the little folks try making these cases as a gift to mamma, auntie, or grandma, who will hold dear every stitch taken by the patient, eager fingers.

Another thing which the children can make for papa, uncle, or grandpa is a pen-wiper, and there are several pretty ways of making them. For a "snow-ball" pen-wiper, cut seventeen or eighteen circles of felt, flannel, or nice cloth of any kind, taking the top of a cup for a pattern. Notch the edges of each, fold to form a quarter size, and sew the points together, forming a ball. A pond-lily pen-wiper is easily made and an ornament for the writing-table. First, cut two pieces of dark-green felt, about four by four and one-half inches, heart-shaped, to represent a lily-pad, and two pieces of chamois skin a half-inch smaller all around. Button-hole stitch the edges of the felt pieces with green silk, and fasten the chamois "wipers" between them. Cut fourteen pieces of white felt for the lily petals, each one and one-third inches wide at the square end and tapering to a rather rounding point, being two and a third inches long. Make a tiny box-plait in the square end, fasten eight in a circle to the upper pad, and the remaining six in a circle inside these. Make a pompon by winding yellow wool around your fingers, tying in the middle and cutting open the ends. Sprinkle this with a little pond lily extract if desired, and fasten in the centre of the petals.

MRS. L. N.

"HOME" RECIPES.

EGGLESS PLUM PUDDING.—One cup chopped pork or suet, three cups of fruit, one and one-half cups sweet milk, one-half cup molasses, one teaspoonful soda, flour to make a stiff batter, a pinch of salt, and spice to taste; boil three hours in a tin case, and serve with hard or soft sauce.

OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

[A recipe which has been "used for thirty years, with always good results," is surely worthy a place in the "HOME" collection.]

CHRISTMAS CAKES.—One pint N. O. molasses, one-fourth pound each of butter and lard, one-half pound brown sugar, cloves, cinnamon, and ginger to taste, flour enough to roll; bake in a quick oven; taking care not to scorch.

CREAM TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Four tablespoonfuls tapioca, soaked over-night; stir into one quart boiling milk, let boil fifteen minutes; beat together the yolks of four eggs and one cup of sugar, stir into the pudding, flavor with lemon or vanilla extract, and pour all into a baking dish. Beat the whites of the eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar to a stiff froth, put this over the pudding, and brown in the oven.

MRS. J. H. DEWITT.

POOR MAN'S CAKE.—One cup of sour cream, two eggs well beaten with one cup of sugar, two cups of flour, a pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, flavor to taste. Instead of using flavoring extracts I frequently spice with cinnamon and clove and think it very nice.

SNOW CAKE.—One-half tea-cup of butter, one of sugar, one and one-half of flour, one-half of sweet milk, whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, flavor with lemon or vanilla.

These cakes are cheap and good, and I hope all "HOME" housekeepers will have as good luck as I in making them. I am fourteen years of age and never had a cake fall. I have tried many of the recipes given in the "Notes" and think them very nice. Will some one give a recipe for a nice but not very expensive cake?

MAUDE BISBEE.

[Fourteen! what a very young housekeeper. Indeed, you may "come again."]

LEMON SAUCE.—Beat well together one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful each of corn-starch and butter, and one egg; pour over this one pint of boiling water and stir over the fire until thick; take from the fire and add the juice and rind of one lemon. Serve in a boat.

BETH.

NOTELETS.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am far from my native State and your magazine is welcomed like a visit from a dear relative. In sorrow, loneliness, and sickness it helps me. I, too, would like to give something that may benefit other readers. If any of the invalids suffer from night-sweats, let them place a bucket of water-under the bed, changing it every ten or twelve hours. This method proved successful in my case when many others failed. Can some friend who has had experience tell me a good remedy for salt rheum? something simple and pleasant, that a child would take? Also, is there any method of instruction for teaching the deaf at home? I refer to a child five years old, believing they will not take him at school until eight. Should also like a cure for cracked lips.

NADENE.

[A thorough cleansing of the blood can but be beneficial in case of salt rheum. Pure cream tartar is often recommended for this purpose—sweetened and taken in a little water it is a not unpleasant drink. Tea, made of dried red clover-blossoms is also recommended; certainly neither can be harmful. Write to the superintendent of a deaf and dumb school in the city nearest you for information concerning method of instruction and age of accepted pupils. We should advise waiting until the child can attend school at seven or eight years. "Wool-grease" is said to be an excellent remedy for cracked lips, although rather disagreeable to use. Witch-hazel and glycerine is also recommended for the same purpose; and we know that the old-fashioned "plantain salve," which our grandmothers used to make, is a safe and pleasant remedy.]

DEAR EDITOR:—It may be a matter of interest to others than myself to have your correspondents give answer to the following: Are my son, aged nine years, and my daughter, aged eleven, of sufficient age to take lessons in vocal music? Some say, the earlier the better, since the

exercise will develop and strengthen the voice; others contend that too early training strains the voice and destroys it, forever. Now, who can tell me, from positive knowledge, what I should do?

V. DEE.

[There is so much difference of opinion in this matter that we should advise your obtaining the judgment of one who has made it a study; the director of vocal instruction in public schools, or in some musical college, for example. We will gladly institute inquiries and send you the result by mail.]

Can any of the "HOME" readers suggest how or where to dispose of a large lot of hair-combings? I have a quantity of poetry clipped from old papers which I will gladly send to any "shut-in" on receipt of self-addressed envelope.

M. J.

[Did you not intend to give your full name and address? without which it will be impossible to reach you, you know. Your "notes" shall appear next month; thank you for them.]

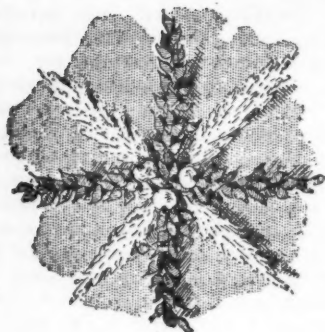
DEAR EDITOR:—I send the names of two "shut-ins," by whom reading matter, papers, magazines, etc., will be gratefully received: Mrs. K. P. Gary, Greenwich Avenue, Stamford, Conn., and Miss Inez Hampton, Mt. Victory, O.

A "HOME" READER.

DEAR EDITOR:—Now that fall weather is coming on, I want to tell the "HOME" mothers of a remedy for common croup which I have tried many times successfully. Take a spoonful of fresh, sweet lard, mix with it white sugar to form a paste, and give a teaspoonful at once, letting the little patient eat what he will besides. Usually one dose is sufficient to remove the phlegm. Burnt alum or soda with molasses is also excellent. An old family physician once told me that if he were confined to one remedy it should be ipecac.

MOTHER.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.



and trouble. The expense is very little in excess of the good old fashion, and the

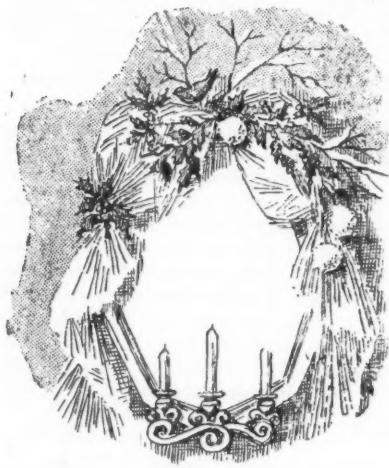


FIG. 1.

ART, having touched and improved all the accessories of life of late years for both use and ornament, should be allowed an influence on home decoration for the great annual festival at Christmas-tide; and the time-honored practice of the yearly order to the family grocer for so much "green stuff" to be indiscriminately devoted in bits to the centre of each picture frame, possibly excellent in its way, but, after incessant repetition, rather

effect far prettier, more artistic, and worthier of such an occasion, as Christ-

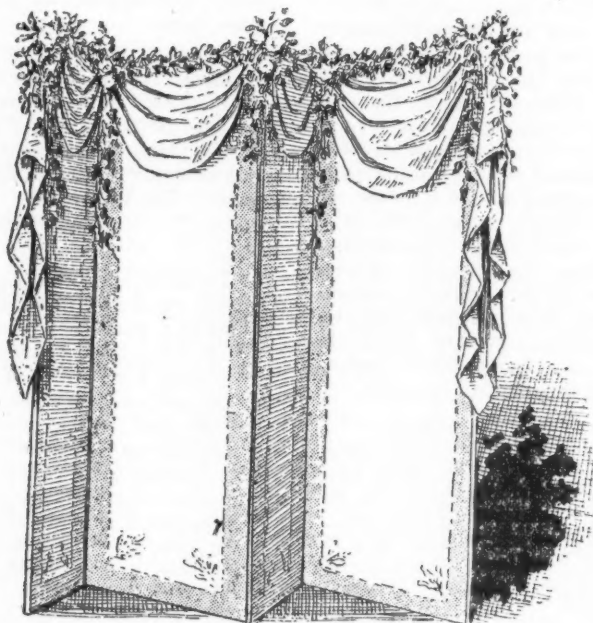


FIG. 2.

monotonous and uninteresting may well give place to a little more thought, taste,
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mas, which, with all its significance and genial influences, is surely worth some

trouble and care to do honor to, besides being a pleasing and interesting occupation for a few winter evenings previous to the Eve and Day in preparation.

A few suggestions are sketched in our pages this month which, with descriptions of materials, and a few practical hints be prettily decorated by a drapery of white art muslin may be acceptable. For instance, a mirror (Fig. 1) may be "frosted" over, some sprays of holly with scarlet berries fastening it here and there; some

few tacks, with terra cotta (that being the color chosen) art serge; the drapery of the same color and material must then be arranged as shown, and along the top laurel and ivy leaves clustered together rope fashion; at each corner of screen arrange a thicker and more irregular cluster, underneath conceal some damp moss, in which can be placed the stems of the white chrysanthemums, and let loose ivy trails fall from the corner groups, half-way down the panels.

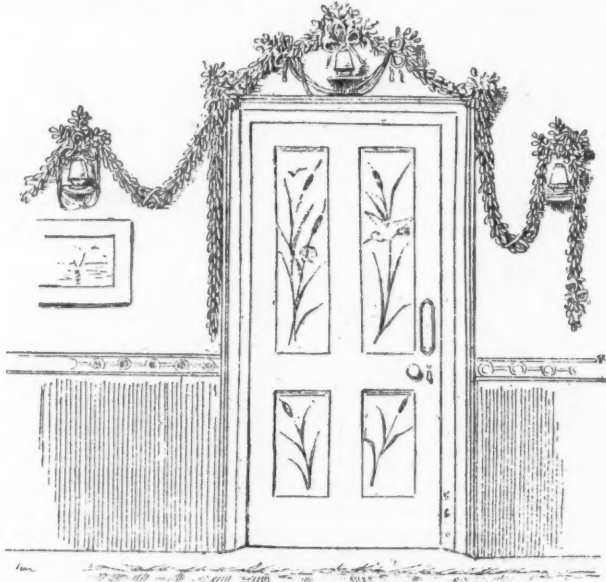


FIG. 3.

natural bare twigs (carefully washed to avoid soiling muslin), white cotton wool judiciously gummed on and frosted to represent snow on the branches, and snow balls made also of frosted cotton wool suspended by a thread of white knitting wool. On one of the twigs may be perched a robin redbreast, easily procured (in painted chalk or feathers) at any toy-shop or bazaar; as neither the holly nor bird should have any of the frosting on them it will be better to put these last.

Fig. 2 shows a good way of making a pretty object of a four-fold screen. If it should be one that will not lend itself readily to the color of the design given, or be rather antiquated, or worse for wear possibly, it must be first covered, a matter soon settled with a hammer and

The greatest beauty in decorative art was achieved by the Greeks, and we may well take a hint from the simple refined festoons of rich dark leaves used by the Pompeiians for wall decorations, as illustrated in design, Fig. 3. They are made tapering toward the ends; in the centres, where thickest, they are bound round by two ribbons crossing one over the other, and were caught up with knots of the same.

This can be applied quite consistently to a modern room, as the sketch will show; the portion of the wall chosen to illustrate the application being the doorway on either side. Should the room be so decorated or furnished in a general way as to make it unfeasible to carry the festoons entirely round the walls, they can be finished off as shown on the right

side of sketch, without having a broken or unfinished appearance. Over the door, or at completion of each festoon, the leaves should be arranged pyramid fashion, and underneath an extremely pretty effect may be obtained by placing on

corners, and once again below, as the sketch indicates, by tinsel cords and balls, and the services of palm leaves and pampas grass are claimed to complete the *tout ensemble*.

Imagining the tint of the walls to be possibly pale blue or green the ribbons, fairy

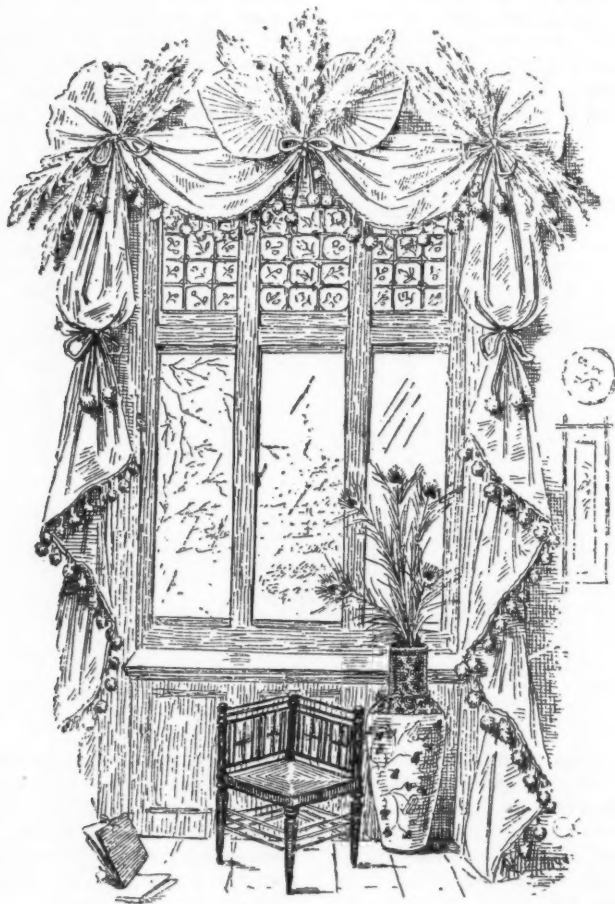


FIG. 4.

small brackets, painted the same color, fairy lights which, though not successful for table decoration, having a charming appearance about the sides of a room,

Windows also afford many opportunities for artistic and elegant decorative skill; design No. 4 giving an example of draping in gold-colored silk or Burmese muslin (if the latter, gold or white may be used equally well) the edge being fringed with gold tinsel balls. The drapery is tied in centre, at the

lights, and brackets will be pale blue or green accordingly, and the general effect could not fail to be pleasing in its simplicity and harmony. One idea suggests another, and where the means at command or "household gods" do not make these suggestions feasible or suitable to be carried out line for line, they may be found an assistance in suggesting a ground-work upon which to start individual taste and ingenuity in each particular home at Christmas.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR 1890.

Though Mirth comes not with Christmas
To every heart and home,
Yet, if we will, dear Love and Peace,
With kind Good-will, will come
And nestle closely in each heart,
And fill each home with cheer;
Let's grateful greet and welcome them,
Sweet Christmas guests so dear.

THOUGH we sincerely and heartily hope that very many of the members of our "HOME" band may have "A Merry Christmas," merrier than ever before if possible, yet we can but be sure that in many a home in which mirth reigned one short year ago sorrow and loss sit silent now, shadowing many a desolate heart which knows—nor can know—nothing of merriment or gayety. But, oh! may they remember and believe that the Christmas gifts so freely offered to all centuries ago, God-given and angel-brought—"Peace upon earth" and "Good-will toward men"—have lost nothing of their olden power to comfort, sustain, and cheer. Love itself gave them freely. Love gives them abundantly now. Peace, cheerful abiding peace, is the gift love offers to every bereaved and lonely one. And that all such who may belong to this little circle may accept and welcome the gift at this blessed holiday season is our earnest, prayerful Christmas greeting.

And having welcomed peace, love and good-will will be found still active in the heart, gently subduing repining, ushering in self-forgiveness, and prompting to all good works. And gladly ready is one whose heart is thus occupied to endeavor to add to the happiness of all around, especially so to those whose need of heart-cheer and soul-comfort is apparent. For there is nothing like love in the heart to open the eyes and give them the power to read other hearts, to detect the unspoken wish, the stifled craving or the unacknowledged longing; the lips are ready to speak the word of comfort to the afflicted or sympathy to the sad or merry, and the hands are open to bestow whatever it is in their power to give—whether it be a gift that will give pleasure to a loved one or

delight to the fancy of a beauty-loving friend or warmth to the needy.

So we, of the "HOME" band of Christmas workers far and near, who, thank God, are not now "beneath the shadow," have reason to hope that our ranks will not be thinned by the withdrawal of the chastened, sorrowing ones, but that they, with us, will be interested in work for others, and will unite with us while we exchange our usual mutual greeting:

"A happy Christmas to all!"

and let us also heartily and reverently add, as did dear little "Tiny Tim:"

"God bless us, every one!"

And help us, every one, to share with others the blessings we receive, not only with those nearest and dearest, and the usual circle of friends who invariably return to us some token of love or esteem, but with at least some *one* friendless or lonely soul whose Christmas would otherwise lack the brightness and good cheer we love to associate in our minds with the day in which love and helpfulness should reign supreme. Let us share it by giving, if we can, wisely and ungrudgingly, but if that is not our privilege, let us go and give a hearty, loving hand-clasp and a cheery message of peace and good-will; or, if a call is as impossible as a gift, let us send a loving or friendly little letter of remembrance to some lonely young relative or acquaintance whose Christmas must be spent among indifferent strangers, or to some aged ones whose rapidly narrowing circle of friends leaves them few who care to take the trouble to send them bright, chatty, sympathetic letters.

But if letters, calls, and gifts are alike impossible, there is still another powerful method of helpfulness within the reach of all; influence over those about us. Some friend who has leisure and means may be prompted, by our expressed wish, to seek and benefit the very one we most desire to help. Some one at liberty to go may

be stimulated, by our longing, to make the calls we would have loved to make, and carry with them, not only their own measure of good-will, but the message that we are holding them in sympathetic remembrance. And so with the letters, mind acting upon mind, the desire awakened in one heart, the work fulfilled by another—and who shall say that the one with whom the desire originated is not giving as generously as is the one whose privilege it is to fulfill the desire?

But it was our intention to hold a little conference with the band in regard to the hand-made gifts we are so fond of fashioning and bestowing. Doubtless many have already decided what their most important work for the holidays shall be, just what they are to make, buy, or arrange for those nearest, and what helpful gifts they can afford for those to whom they are privileged to offer them, so we will pass to those of minor importance. Many are yet unprepared, and undecided what the little friendly tokens shall be; they would like to give some bit of their own handiwork that shall testify to their continued loving remembrance. To them a few suggestions and sketches from a Christmas note-book—which has been added to at intervals ever since the last holiday season—may be timely and helpful. The Christmas of '89 was hardly over before the first entry was made—which was as follows:

"Must remember to make some more of those slippers with wool soles. Mother says they are the most comfortable she ever had, and sister said, seriously, 'I am sorry for those who have no evening slippers like mine. I never supposed I should like them, but I would not be without them for five times their value,' and Cousin Sue, too, an invalid, is warm in their praise; she says: 'Oh! thank you! thank you! my night slippers are so warm and soft! I couldn't get through one of my up-and-down nights now without them. They are sole-warmers—spell the sole as you will.' Could have made three pairs for what I paid for a gift-book for one friend, and I know, now it is too late, that she would have prized slippers much more highly."

The next one reads: "Must make several hanging pockets or holders for glasses;

father says he wishes he had one in every room."

And still another reads: "Saw a 'bubble-set' at a neighbor's to-day. The children had so much fun with it, I must make Jacky one; the kitchen rang with their merriment. The set comprises a deep granite-ware basin, half a dozen pipes, and as many long straight bibs or protectors made of towels with neck and waist straps attached. Three of the pipes and one side, or half of the basin, is painted red, and three red-bordered towels go with that side; the remaining half of the outfit is pure white. The children 'count out' for sides, the first three taking one color, and the other three the other, and play in opposition; every perfect floating bubble counts ten, quick bursting ones five, and failures five for the other side—rules as in other games, or optional. Jacky says one rule is that each one shall dry and fold the towel worn when the games are over; but the side losing the most has to get down and wipe the oil-cloth dry, while the winners can be 'overseers' and 'boss the job.'"

On one page we find the title—"Some trifles selected for vacation work." Following are a few extracts: "An eye-glass case, shaped to fit the closed glasses, so they can be pushed in easily, but not slip out. Two bits of green velvet will make the cover, and chamois will line it nicely. A little spray of forget-me-nots will be appropriate on one side."

"A crocheted necktie for Will, who admires them. Will get cream knitting-silk and a fine hook and work it in crazy stitch, measuring by his four-in-hand tie. Will make a black one for uncle in plain double crochet."

"Setting for a group of family photographs: Get as many large, flat Japanese fans as there are photographs, cut away an opening to fit a picture in each one—some straight and some inclined, square, oblong or oval—brush gilt paint irregularly round the openings and the outside edges and on the handles; arrange and tack them in spreading shape on a large round of card-board (which must be invisible) and tie the handles (all that will reach) together with a red ribbon. Mary is longing to put her family group on the wall where she can see them, but

cannot bear to hang a group in frames, they 'seem so solemn.' This arrangement will 'please her lively fancy' I think."

"Music-stool cover: Nellie does not like the color of her music-stool. Will take fine macramé cord—dark olive—and coarse steel knitting-needles and knit a twelve-inch square of old-fashioned cane-seat work; then knit edging—some light, open pattern—to border it all around; and weight each corner with a heavy cord tassel. The middle must be lined with red sateen and pinned to the stool at each corner."

On another page marked "Items," we find among others, "Will make all the perfumed sachets possible. Everybody likes them. Even grandpa fondly carries a little satin one in his coat-pocket, because of the little one who made it. * * * City friends like pine and fir cushions yet, and dried lavender, and rose leaves, in the filling of head-rests. Also little ornaments made of birch bark and dried grasses. * * * This year's magazines are booked for the 'wild woods.' Cousin Chris and family will be delighted with them. * * * Those who cannot crochet highly-prized lace for aprons or underwear."

We trust the extracts given may prove of value, either in themselves or for the original ideas to which they may lead, but we have lingered over the note-book a long time and must hasten to the sketches designed, delineated, and described especially for the undecided.

APRON WITH PLASTRON-BIB.—If one has a young lady friend who delights in the dainty little dressy affairs which do so much to brighten and beautify youthful toilets nowadays, nothing prettier can be fashioned for her holiday gift than one of the lovely aprons now so popular for home-wear, for they impart an air of youthful freshness and prettiness to the plainest toilet—in fact, are really *prettier* with a plain gown than with one elaborately made. So the girl with full skirts and round waists or the lady with plain princess costumes cannot have too many of them.

The choice of material ranges all the way from India silk and silk bolting cloth to scrim and plain and dotted muslins; so

also the decorations range from the daintiest ribbons, silk embroidery, and laces to the various methods of self-trimming, such as drawn-work, frills, and tucks. The designs are numberless and nearly all are very pretty, but preference is given to



APRON WITH PLASTRON-BIB.

those displaying originality in shape, some even going so far as to make them with draped sides and full crossfolds after the manner of skirt-front draping. They are very smart and pretty, but so suggestive of the by-gone "overdress" that their popularity will not be general. There is and always was something so quaintly pretty about an apron—that is an apron—that we do not want it to look like any other garment. So, though one might say of

the apron herewith portrayed—"But that is an apron, a sash, a plastron, and a collar"—yet the apron itself is so plainly and simply an apron and nothing else, with its broad ties and plastron-bib that its character is in nowise changed by the cascaded lace, or the neck-frill—which might as well be a part of the apron, since something must be worn at the neck, and a much more harmonious effect is produced if the laces are all of the same kind.

The skirt portion is cut from a width of broad, plain muslin; the bottom is pointed in front, hemmed and finished with a lace frill; the top is gathered to a softly-folded, broad belt, which is tied with long full loops and lace-trimmed ends. The bib is made of a straight piece of the muslin just the length of the waist; it is plaited narrowly at the belt and spreads out plainly over the bust, except for the fullness in the centre produced by four plaits at the neck, the upper corners are cut away and the edges finished by spreading cascaded frills of the lace; the top of the bib is seamed into one end of a straight muslin collar (which is to be tucked down inside the dress collar), which has a falling frill of lace at the upper edge and is fastened at the left side invisibly.

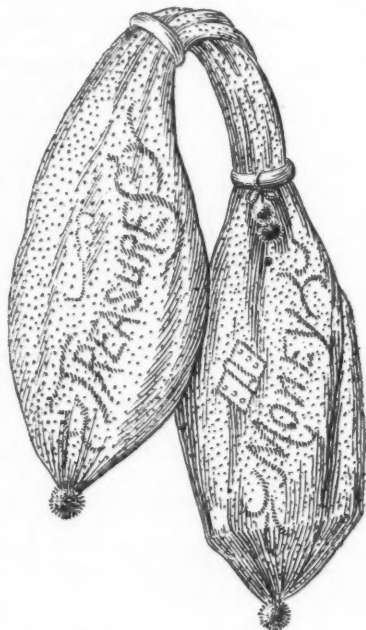
For convenience in laundering the bib is detachable, being only basted to the belt.

Economists need not be reminded, they will take it in at a glance, that this apron furnishes a beautiful and charitable covering for a strained waist and frayed button-holes and is capable of making a half-worn dress seem like a new one.

TREASURE-BAG FOR CHILDREN.—India silk is the material chosen for the bag in our illustration and outline embroidery and tassels form the decoration, but almost any attractive material that would please a child might be used in their construction, due reference being given to the usage they are liable to receive, judging by one's knowledge of the particular children for whom one designs them. They are shaped exactly like the long-knitted purses, the mouth being a lengthwise opening in the middle of the bag, rings to be slipped back and forth, confining the contents. The rings may be

purchased for a trifle in any fancy-goods store.

The enigmatical inscription which, being interpreted, is, "All treasures but money" (a shoemaker's awl and an iron butt or hinge), seems to the unobservant to label one compartment of the bag "Treasures" and the other "Money," and as both are sure to be stuffed full, laughing, quizzing questions are sure to be asked about the riches of the owner, but the laugh comes the other way when the



TREASURE-BAG FOR CHILDREN.

owner merrily asks, "Can't you read?" and hands over the description to be deciphered.

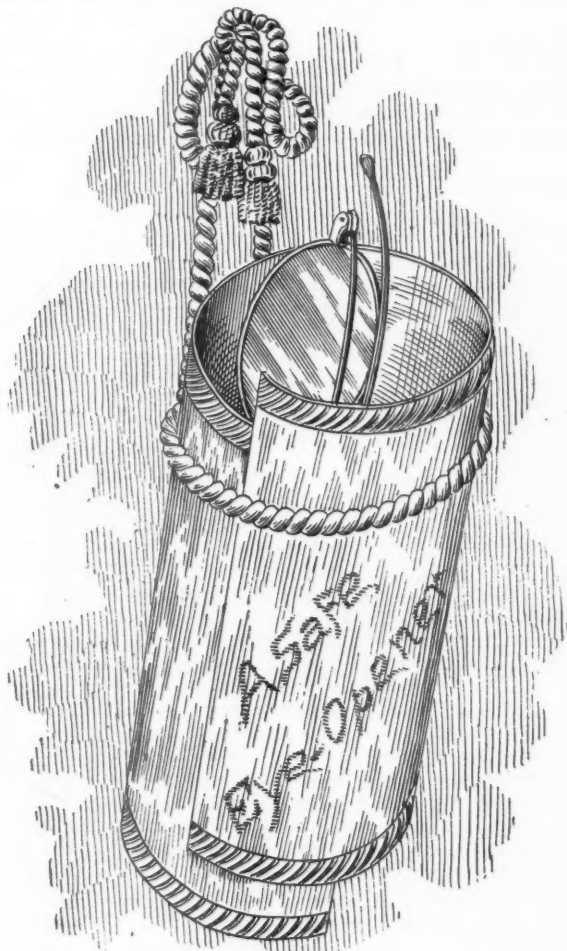
A few that we have seen were very handsome. The first was a business-like one for a school-boy who objects decidedly to "girlish fuss and feathers." It was made of chamois skin with the ends slashed in three-quarter inch fringe, which, being drawn up closely, made a short, thick pompon-shaped tassel at each tip; the inscription was printed with brown, using oil-color sparingly, and oxidized rings finished it in a manner to suit

his masculine taste. It was large enough to hold the usual stock of

Knives, marbles, strings,
Crayons, pebbles, rings,
Keys, chains, and things,

and yet not too large to carry in the pocket. There was a wee little red velvet

again the knife and the "biful" agates Santa sent him in the bag. There was another made for a little girl, fashioned from two lengths of four-inch ribbon (from a bonnet); one strip was pink and the other lavender, and a bit of gold tinsel was worked in with the embroidery and tassels. Another one was pieced up



HANGING POCKET FOR GLASSES.

one with gilt rings, and a tiny, round gilt bell on each end; the bells would give a sweet, subdued tinkle at every movement of the little fellow who so proudly pulled it from his pocket every few moments to enjoy the ringing, and examine again and

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in crazy style, and delighted the heart of its little owner with its brilliant display of colors. And still another very handsome one was designed for a high-school girl to use as a hand-bag; it was, of course, larger and longer than any of the

others, and was made of black velvet, with steel rings and tassels, and lettering of fine steel beads. A laugh was sure to follow every examination of the bag so ostentatiously labeled "Treasures" and "Money." The owner laughingly assures us that the bag is "likely to become the 'latest fad' at school—all the girls want one."

HANGING POCKET FOR GLASSES.—Decidedly unique in the way of hanging holders is this cylindrical pocket for the safe keeping of glasses, and it may be made so easily that one might well afford

fine silk; lap one end unevenly over the other, as shown, and tack them together; take a round piece of card-board that will just fit inside, cover it on both sides with the satin, slip it into position at the bottom of the case, and fasten it in just where it will allow the glasses to peep out at the top so they may be readily taken out when wanted. On the overlapping end (before putting together) embroider or paint "A safe eye-opener," and near the top of the case pass a silk or chenille cord around and tie it in a knot at the back, and a few inches above the top tie it again in a bow with loops and ends.



CHAIR POCKET.

at this holiday season to present one to every friend to whom they would be of service. The model was made of a remnant of broad watered ribbon with a satin stripe on each edge; it was a rich pansy-purple in color, and the lining was of inexpensive lining satin of a yellow shade; together, they made a warm, glowing bit of brightness.

For a foundation cut a piece of card-board six inches wide by ten inches long, lay the lining—seven by eleven inches—smoothly over one side, fold the edges over to the other side and baste them securely, drawing it very closely; baste the ribbon on the other side and neatly overhand the edges together all around with

Such holders about the house are not only convenient, but a positive necessity if one would avoid being constantly harassed by the provoking propensity of all glasses to lose themselves just when most urgently needed. One soon learns the comfort of being sure where to find an "eye-opener," and the habit of dropping them *always* in the holder as soon as removed is quickly formed. Small pieces of silk, velvet, or brocade, if tastefully arranged, would make a pretty cover; and narrow ribbon might be substituted for the cord—or a gilt or silvered chain to suspend it by and gilt or silvered pendants at the corners would be lovely for a velvet or plush-covered pocket; the letter-

ing would then be done with gilt or silver paint. "Give us a peep," or "Oh! do let me see," might be employed for inscriptions, for variety, if several pockets were to be made.

The same design is also exceptionally pretty for a match safe. By pushing a round tin spice box, that will fit snugly into the pocket, and embroidering on it "Matches," or "Have a light?" its character is entirely changed and it makes a safe and handsome ornament for a sitting-room or chamber mantel, and an appropriate gift for young or old.

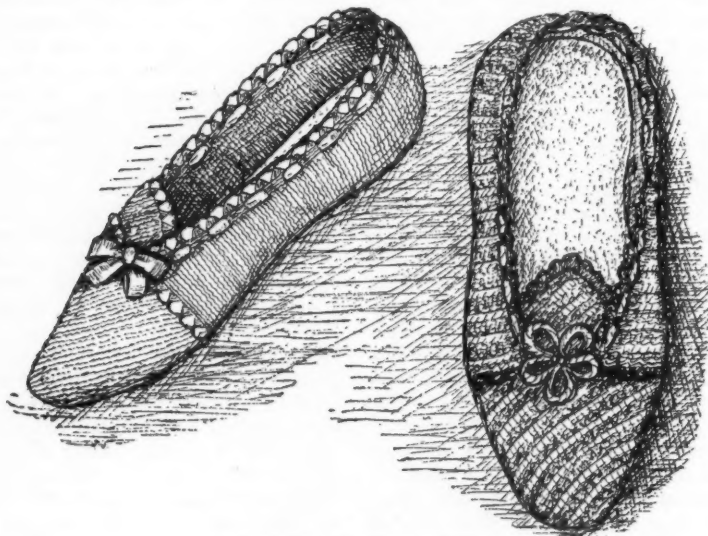
CHAIR POCKET.—Though this pretty and capacious pocket may be made to serve many purposes, and be placed in various positions about the house—wherever there is anything affording the two necessary rounds or supports about which to tie the corner ribbons—it was designed for a chair pocket. It is to be placed low down on the side of a large easy chair and kept in position by the ribbons which are passed around the side-posts just above the seat, or, if the chair is so made that that cannot be done, around the legs just below, where the hand of the occupant may drop easily into it. It furnishes one of the handiest receptacles imaginable for the book, fan, papers, slippers, or any light article which one would like to dispose of without rising when enjoying a restful hour in "the big easy chair." It is handy alike in summer and winter, on the piazza or by the fireside, and especially so for a chair whose usual place is at a distance from a table or stand. As illustrated it is made of cretonne to match the chair covering and plain farmer's satin, the latter being employed for the inserted full front, and the former for the surrounding portion and back side. The back is made double with pasteboard between; the full position of the front is turned in at the top to form a double frill and a shirring for an elastic band, and the remaining edges are seamed in between the edges of the lining, and outside of the other front portion. Ribbons are sewed to the corners, as shown; made straps of the material would do equally well if preferred. Similar pockets are often conveniently fastened to the side of a sewing-machine, or to the legs of a small table, and made to do duty as work or

scrap bags, the puffed front and elastic band rendering them adaptable to a flat or a bulky burden. Rich and beautiful materials are often chosen when the pocket is designed for a nicely upholstered chair, and long handsome metal pins serve instead of ribbons; scarlet or yellow silk pockets are charming additions to bamboo or willow rockers.

HANDSOME HOME-MADE SLIPPERS.—Nothing of the same value in the whole long list of wearable home-made Christmas gifts can outvie handsome hand-made wool-soled slippers in the ease with which they may be made and the comfort they carry with them to the fortunate recipients. They are not now the dowdy, bungling affairs they used to be; the increased attention given to the stitch, style, and finish of the uppers, and the advent of the neat and shapely ready-made soles—and their home-made duplicates, are sufficient to account for the improvement. Almost any close stitch known to crochet-workers or knitters may be employed, but none are so satisfactory as those that produce elastic, but at the same time firm, cloth-like work. The slipper worked in honeycomb or star-stitch, crazy work or shells may look prettier in the hand, but beware of them! on the foot they seemingly increase the size one-third and give a "cheaper" look than plain knitting. Dark slippers look smaller than light ones, and one color generally looks smaller than a mixture of two or more—as proved by the two in our sketch, which illustrates one of the prettiest styles of the season; though they are alike in design and just of a size the one at the right looks one number at least larger than the other on account of the stripes—but stripes are preferable to any other arrangement of colors if two are to be used. The manner of fashioning them is so simple that a child who can knit, and crochet the simplest stitches, can make them with a little showing. The soles are the familiar ready-made ones (costing only twenty or twenty-five cents a pair) with a layer of cork between the leather outer-sole, and the inner-sole of sheared wool. The tops are each in two pieces, and the stitch is the plainest possible garter-stitch. To make a slipper like the one at the left of the sketch, use dark-

gray zephyr, and a pair of steel knitting-needles a little smaller than a thread of the zephyr, small enough to produce firm but elastic work. For a No. 3 slipper (or a No. 4 if the foot is not very plump), knit a perfectly plain piece three and one half inches square for the front, and a straight strip, two inches wide and about twelve inches long for the back. No exact rule can be given for the number of stitches or number of times to knit across as the zephyr, needles, and manner of knitting all vary so much in different cases; in the model twenty-eight stitches were cast on for the front square, and

over every three chain. This gives a strong, straight edge for the ankle, and a row of openings through which to run narrow, flat elastic. With pink wool crochet a shell border (six trebles in each shell) into this edge, carrying it around the corners and along both ends; and, also, along two sides of the front piece, working the corner-shell deeply into the point of the square to round it off slightly. Pin the front and back together, joining them as shown by the illustration, letting the ends of the back overlap the side-corners of the front sufficiently to cover the border of the latter;



HANDSOME HOME-MADE SLIPPERS.

sixteen for the long strip, but the finished front—after the border is added—should not measure over four inches each way, or the back be over two and one-half inches wide and thirteen long. With gray wool and a rather slender crochet needle, work a row of double crochet all along one side of the back piece, putting a stitch between every rib, being careful to preserve the elasticity of the edge, but not to lengthen it; turn and work back with one double in each of the first three stitches (taking up two threads), chain three, pass three, one double in each of the next three, repeat to end of row; turn and work back again, putting one double in every double and three double

then pin the upper to the sole—both wrongside-out of course—and overhand them together with silk (*never* use cotton or linen, it fades so quickly). It may seem as if the point at the toe of the upper would not fit around the toe of the sole, but it will, very nicely, by being pulled wide, the knitting is so elastic. Turn the work, run the elastic in, and try it on; pull the instep point and sides into shape, and re-pin them and tie the elastic in front; then sew the sides together permanently and run inch-wide satin ribbon, the color of the border, around the ankle to cover the elastic, and tie it in a neat bow. The ribbon should be left loose enough to puff a

little through the openings, and the bow should be tacked to position on the slipper; it gives a dressy and becoming finish as it lights up beautifully on the somber gray. Black ribbons would be pretty and becoming for an elderly lady.

Little slippers in this style in red, brown, blue or mingled colors are very nice and warm for children to wear, and it does not take long to make them. In place of the bow they are often ornamented with a full round rosette made of loops of the wool, and loop-knitting may be carried all around the ankle if liked. Those who cannot knit substitute double crochet, always taking up two threads, but the "cloth" thus produced is not as

elastic as the knitting, therefore more care is required to obtain a good fit. The mistake most likely to be made is getting the slipper too large; it should fit quite snugly when first worn.

The stripes in the other slipper are produced by knitting four times across—twice out and back—with one color, and once out and back with the other, the wool being changed on the same side of the work every time; there are two dark ribs and one light, alternately, in the model. A heavy twisted cord of the light color runs around the ankle, ending in five full loops which form a pansy-bow in front, and these are permanently secured by being lightly sewed to the slipper.

FRANCES H. PERRY.

DAINTY DISHES FOR CHRISTMAS.

CHESTNUT SOUP.—Take the outer skin off some Spanish chestnuts, blanch them by throwing them into hot water over the fire, leave them in for



about ten minutes; peel them quickly, and put them into cold water. For each quart of stock take three-quarters of a pound, cover them with good stock and

stew gently for one hour. Rub them through a sieve, and mix with the remainder of the stock, stirring all the time; add salt, cayenne, and a small piece of mace. Put it over the fire and stir continually until it boils. Pour on to it half a pint of hot cream or milk; stir and serve.

FRIED SOLE.—Make an incision along the backbone on the back of the sole about an inch from the head and tail. Slip a knife under the flesh on each side to loosen it from the bones. Egg and bread-crumbs (with baked crumbs) the sole, and fry it in lard, the sides bearing the incisions being uppermost. The edges of this will curl outward when frying. Fill up the opening with plenty of *maitre d'hôtel* butter; sprinkle the sole with fine salt. The backbone may now be removed.

FRICASSEED SWEATBREADS.—Cut the sweetbreads about the size of a walnut, flour and fry them in lard brown. Add to them a good beef gravy, seasoned with salt and pepper, simmer until tender. Thicken with flour and butter. Truffles and mushrooms may be added.

VEAL CUTLETS STEWED WITH CELERY.—Slice the cutlets from the best part of the neck, cutting them into nice looking pieces as you cut the meat from the bones. Make gravy with the bones, stewing them with a large head of celery chopped into small pieces and scalded. Add pepper, salt, and a small onion chopped fine. Strain the gravy, putting back the celery. Thicken it with butter and flour and pour it boiling hot on to the cutlets. Stew them till they are tender and garnish with lemon and small forcemeat balls fried.

ORNAMENTAL POULTRY.—Boil two chickens, and when done place them on the dish that is to be sent to table. Pour over enough white sauce to cover them, and ornament the breasts of the birds and the edges of the dish with boiled beet-root sliced and stamped in fanciful designs, sliced lemon, sprigs of parsley, and chopped aspic jelly. Any other bird may be dressed in the same way.

BOILED TURKEY.—Put four quarts of water into the pot, with three teaspoonfuls of salt and one of pepper. Have the turkey stuffed with forcemeat and when the water boils put it in, with two pounds of salt pork or bacon, half a pound of onions, one of white celery, six pepper-corns, and a bunch of sweet herbs; boil slowly for one and a half hours. Mix in a small pan two ounces of butter, with three ounces of flour, over the fire, add a pint of liquor from the pot, strained, half a pint of milk, the onions and celery taken out and cut up fine, boil together for twenty minutes until it becomes thick. Serve the turkey with the sauce poured over it; the bacon should be served separately.

A DELICIOUS WINTER SALAD.—Boil two eggs hard, lay them in cold water for a few minutes, take the shells off, cut the eggs in half, and put the hard yolks into a basin. Add to them one teaspoonful of dry mustard, one table-spoonful of salad oil, a saltspoon of salt, a teacupful of cream, and one of vinegar. Mix these well together and strain into the salad bowl. Break into this a lettuce, endive, and mustard and cress. Cut the beet-root with a scalloped pastry cutter into thin slices, lay them over the lettuce.

Cut the whites of the eggs into rings and lay these on the beet-root, and in each ring a small sprig of fine curled parsley.

APPLE MERINGUES.—Put a teacupful of rice into a sauce-pan with one pint of sweetened milk, let it simmer until quite tender. Turn it into a basin, and mix with it the yolks of two eggs beaten up. Put it back into the sauce-pan, and boil it up again. Pile it high on the glass dish; when cold spread it over with stewed apples. Whip the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth, mixing with it a little castor sugar, and lay this over the apples.

SNOW-BALLS.—Take one cup of white sugar, one of cream, the whites of five eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, flour to make a batter. Flavor to taste. Bake in small buttered cups.

CHEESE PATTIES.—Beat half a pound of cheese in a marble mortar, add a quarter of a pound of butter, beat them well together; add five yolks, and the white of one egg; beat until quite smooth. Put into tart tins lined with paste, and bake till they are brown.

GERMAN CHRISTMAS BISCUITS.—Take one pound of flour, half a pound of butter broken into small pieces, half a pound of fine pounded sugar, two eggs, a pinch of pounded cinnamon, and three spoonfuls of thick cream. Work into a dough, cover it up and set aside for an hour. Then cut small pieces of the dough and roll into strips a quarter of a yard long, and form into a figure eight. Place them on a well-buttered tin, in a moderate oven. When cold take some pounded sugar, the white of an egg and a little lemon juice beaten to a stiff froth, dip the top of the cake in, and strew hundreds and thousands upon them. Return them to the oven, the heat only being moderate, or the whip will not remain white.

GOOD POUND CAKE.—Beat half a pound of butter to a cream, add half a pound of sugar, five eggs, half a pound of sultanas, three ounces of candied peel, three-quarters of a pound of flour, the rind and juice of one lemon, quarter of a nutmeg grated. Bake for two hours and a quarter in a tin lined with paper.

FASHION NOTES.



CLOTH gowns are very simple in design. The skirts are merely two breadths of fifty-four-inch cloth joined by

seams down the middle of the front and back. In the front each breadth is cut seven inches narrower at the top than at

the bottom, making the seam which joins them slope outward toward the foot, widening the skirt gradually and preventing it from clinging too closely. This sloped seam also does away with short darts or gores about the hips; the top of the front and sides is curved to fit the wearer and "eased" as it is sewed to the belt, the entire fullness being thrown to the middle of the back and thickly plaited there into a space of about three inches. The bodice is a short cuirass trimmed with lengthwise rows of braid that give a slender effect, and are turned up in loops below the edge. The coat sleeves, quite large at the top, are also braided lengthwise and furred at the wrists; the standing collar is similarly trimmed. This is handsomely carried out in amethyst cloth, with black silk braid woven sleazily, like Hercules braid and edges of wavy black Astrakhan. A fawn-colored gown of Bedford cord (ribbed like corduroy) is trimmed with gold galloon and natural beaver. Darker brown cloth bands are inlaid between the galloon on the skirt and bodice. A separate silk skirt is provided instead of making these cloth skirts on a foundation skirt. The design for a pretty brown shade is that found at the top of page 1085. It has a yoke and sleeves of black velvet, and is made over a black velvet petticoat. The full bodice is scalloped round the yoke and edged with narrow braid, which is repeated on the hem of the skirt, and round the hips appears one of the fashionable woven girdles with handsome ends. A very serviceable tweed is the dark-red plaid—width, forty-two inches. A back view is shown of the costume designed for it, because it is intended that the new drapery shall be illustrated. This carries the tablier so far to the back that the back drapery is of the very narrowest description below the waist, widening only by degrees until the foot of the skirt is reached. A simple gown, edged with fur, such as this, is always smart. There is something very novel and uncommon about the third dress, particularly in the deep basque bodice with its pretty turned-back collar over the full soft silken vest.

The pretty new costumes on page 1087 are very smart. The short jacket at the top of the page is made in fawn cloth, with brown velvet revers, and a white cloth vest. At the corners of the basque

and also round the arm-holes pieces of white cloth are laid on, secured to the jacket by brown velvet of different widths, and braided all over with narrow brown braid or embroidery in brown silk. The plaid morning dress has a cream ground, crossed with woven lines of light-brown, and distinct threads of bright dark-brown. The opposite dress is a pale green vicuna, with a narrow braiding of gold thread, worn over a plain old-gold plush skirt, the sleeves and collar being of the same material. The hats show the way in which pompons can be applied alone or combined with other trimmings, on turbans as well as on flat-shaped head-gear.

FASHIONS FOR YOUNG WEARERS.

LARGE hats will be general for young wearers, and the trimmings are of the simplest kind, a cluster of ribbon bows, soft and limp, falling forwards over the crown, the ends fringed out, or a cross-way strip of velvet laid in rather "squat" bows over the back of the crown, and a slender wing peeping forward.

Toreador hats in felt are very pretty for young girls, but the edge is either of beaver and left plain or the flat binding is of corded ribbon or velvet, and the trimming consists of two medium-sized pompons and just two or three flat loops of ribbon or velvet. Some of the very broad brims with beaver edges are bent fantastically, and caught up at the back and edges with trimming, but the whole shape is plainly seen, and the few loops are lightly poised and eminently careless in style.

Some graceful little mantles are made like the Russian shape, but with the oversleeve set in from the shoulder instead of the neck. The top is gathered as a yoke, and there are lines of gauging at the back and a belt across the front. The straight sleeves or overparts are in plaits and set on with a band of trimming, forming an epaulette. This is one of the newest cloaks of the season, and we hope to show models soon.

Red in dark tints and the more ruddy shades of brown are immensely fashionable for children's wear, and blues, such as Napoleon and gendarme, have quite put terra-cottas and half tints in the shade.

A charming little dress for a girl of nine is of gendarme foulé, made with a short- of velvet round the waist, crossed in front, and fastened with an old-silver buckle.



waisted bodice and long-tucked skirt. A yoke collar of velvet forms two points at back and front, and there is a broad band

The sleeves are very high and full and set into deep tight-fitting cuffs of velvet which reach nearly to the elbow.

Reefer jackets are very popular for young people, but the regulation navy-blue or black, with gilt buttons, is seen only by the sea or in the depths of the country. The newest ones are in fawn, modore, or tan cloth, with large horn buttons, and the lapels are generally faced with brown velvet. This has a very *chic* effect and strongly resembles the coaching coat affected by some of our noted whips.

It seems now quite the fashion to keep

the hair of young girls just short enough to rest on the shoulders. This is not tied back as formerly but the ends are curled and then combed out to hang in a "tangle" of frizzy curls. The front fringe is also treated in the same fashion and allowed to fall over the front without resting on the forehead, and the sides are plain and not cut at all. This is undoubtedly a piquant style, and frames a plain face in quite a pretty manner.

IDLER HOURS. When a man is apparently idle, it may be that his time is most profitably employed. "This were sometime a paradox," but he who reflects upon it will see its meaning. All hard workers learn sooner or later the truth that recreation is an absolute necessity for tired bodies and tired minds. The idle time of Bacon, Pope, Cowper, and many another famous writers has been spent in gardening. It is said that market-gardening is the one passion of a well-known novelist, and that he spends the money earned by his pen in carrying out this dearly-beloved hobby. And who could wish it otherwise? Doubtless the poetical spirit which pervades his work is that caught from long days spent in homely tasks in the garden and field. "Some men dig up worms from the earth," says an old proverb, "others uncover truth." "No one," declares Cicero, "seems to me free who does not sometimes do nothing." Then he goes on to tell how certain noble Romans amused themselves in the country by indulging, boy-like, in all sorts of frolics. Evidently they jumped and ran themselves into physical well-being and ability to take up the severer duties of life again. "Who is your doctor?" said some one to Carlyle. "My best doctor," replied he, "is a horse." Sometimes apparent idleness is only a change of work. George Lewes was one day dredging a roadside pond, putting all the living treasures he found into a glass jar. "What are you doing?" inquired a sneering bystander, "fishing for salmon?" But, when he saw what strange beings were discovered in that unpromis-

ing pool, his interest was excited, and he asked Mr. Lewes many curious questions, all of which were patiently answered. "Ah," said the scoffer respectfully, at the end of the interview, "it's a fine thing to be able to name all God's creatures!" Acquaintance with nature draws the mind out of the rut wherein it daily runs and freshens it for the doing of new tasks. Rest often consists in change of work, the relaxation of one set of brain-cells in favor of others. One may certainly consider it occupation to collect specimens like Lewes, ride on horseback like Carlyle, or chop wood with Mr. Gladstone, but it is occupation which invigorates and does not tire. The periods of indolence in the life of a student are merely those "grand receptive pauses" when he drinks in nourishment from Nature herself to sustain his vitality. When the giant Antæus was thrown and touched the earth, he rose more vigorous than before.

ONE of the best preparations for a valuable life is the vivid recollection of a happy childhood. Those who can look back amid the toils and cares of maturity to a youth full of sunshine and joy have within them not only a fund of pleasant memories but a safeguard against depression and despair. Whatever their present trials, they can never be utterly despondent or lose their faith in happiness while its memory is fresh within them.

THE roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of those who pluck them.

EDITORIAL.

OUR FORTIETH BIRTHDAY.

WITH the year 1891 the HOME MAGAZINE enters upon its fortieth year of publication, and congratulations are in order, not only to us, but to the public, our readers.

To blow our own trumpet has never been a congenial occupation to the publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE, and readers will bear witness to the infrequency of any such performance in its pages; we may therefore be pardoned for this word of gratulation.

The HOME MAGAZINE has never from its start owed anything to extensive newspaper advertising, nor to the puffery of interested contemporaries. What advertising has been done was done only with the view to let people know that there is such a publication to be had. The success that has attended its publication has been due solely to the use that it is to its readers, and that success has been much greater than any that is measured merely by dollars and cents, useful as money is. From the time of its first issue up to the present, there has been continuously a receipt of letters from readers whose hopes have been strengthened, fears abated, or living bettered through the helpful, wholesome teaching of the pages of this magazine. Great commercial prosperity, as it is understood in our time, the HOME never attained, but of success in reaching people who needed help, it has had a greater success than its founder ever dared to hope.

The measure of this success in the past is the only one that will satisfy us to-day and in the future.

TO OUR PATRONS OF 1890.

WITH this issue a great number of our readers' subscriptions expire. To each of them we desire to say that we hope for their continued patronage in

1891, and that we do not wish to lose one who has read the magazine this year. To each one we say, if you have not already renewed do so at once, and thus ensure the continuance of good, wholesome reading for the coming year. The HOME MAGAZINE gives an honest good return for the amount of the subscription. It is not cut down in size as soon as the annual subscription season is over. It is not littered throughout with advertisements, as all the cheap publications are. It is well printed in type of a size easily readable, and not so small nor indistinct as to make it troublesome to any but young eyes. It is of a convenient size to the hands and of very good shape for binding; and as all the advertisements, fashion plates, etc., are on extra pages, these matters of but temporary interest are readily separated when the numbers are made up into a book.

These advantages make the magazine more costly than any publication made in newspaper shape. Notwithstanding this extra expense, when our readers consider the return that they have for their subscription—in good reading; in valuable hints and useful suggestions; in helpful teaching of better ways of living and doing—the HOME MAGAZINE is really one of the cheapest as well as the best of domestic periodicals.

If any one cannot renew at once, by all means renew for a portion of the year, if not for six months, then for three. Do not lose the continuous interest for, however hard times may be, the good time that is coming, and which is bound to come to every one that is working honestly and with a fixed purpose, is not retarded, but is greatly helped by the relaxation of mind and body that is consequent upon useful and interesting reading.

Subscribe for 1891, and do it now, if you have not already done so. A useful thing put off and perhaps forgotten is a distinct and permanent loss.

PUBLISHERS.

WE desire to make an apology to the publishers of the *Lady's Home Journal* of Philadelphia.

In the number of the HOME MAGAZINE for October this year we published two short articles called, "A man's ideas of home comfort," and, "Hints on home dressmaking," both of which were extracted from an English monthly called the *Housewife*.

We have since discovered that the articles were originally published in the *Lady's Home Journal*, and were from its pages copied into the *Housewife*. In making the copy from the *Housewife* we made an infringement, though innocent of such an intention, upon the copyright of the *Lady's Home Journal*, and hence our apology. This kind of thing shows very plainly the necessity for an international copyright law. Although the loud cries of English publishers and the action of our Congress would lead many people to think that the principal use of an international copyright would be to protect English writers, this case shows that the law is also required to protect American publishers as well. By much experience of our own we know that this is so, and the following incident will help to make plain the necessity of protecting American writers of fiction. In the year 1884 Mr. T. S. Arthur set about making a collection of all of his books. Finding that a number of his early writings were out of print here, he thought he would make an effort to obtain some of them in England, and he sent an order to a London book-house to send him one copy of each of his books that had been republished there. In response to this order Mr. Arthur received about twenty-seven of his books, some of which had gone through ten and twelve editions and from not one of which had he received the most trifling payment or acknowledgment.

1090

"IMPERISHABLE."

DAYS and even weeks after the application of the genuine Murray & Lanman Florida Water the handkerchief or garment still exhales a soft, rich fragrance. It is this peculiar advantage over all other toilet preparations that has won for this world-famed perfume the expressive designation of "imperishable" by which it is generally known. To distinguish the genuine article from its numerous imitations, look out for the "Trade-Mark" which consists of a narrow white strip label bearing the fac simile signature of Lanman & Kemp, New York, sole proprietors.

AS GOOD AS THE BEST,

At a much lower price, are the proven claims that have placed Banner Lamps in the homes of thousands of delighted purchasers. We do not claim impossibilities. It will not run itself, but it will give as much light with as little consumption of oil and care as any centre-draft lamp on the market. What interests most is the fact that it is made in attractive styles and costs less than any other lamp of equal merit. Why not make a Christmas present of one? All good dealers have them.

"THE GIRL WITH A TASTE FOR MUSIC"

Is the attractive title of a series of papers to be published in the *Youth's Companion*. The contributors include the eminent singers Madame Albani, Miss Emma Juch, Madame Lilian Nordica, Miss Emma Nevada, and Miss Marie Van Zandt.

PATTERNS FOR JANUARY, 1890.

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by
JAMES McCALL & CO. [Limited], 46 East 14th Street, New York.



Nos. 3059, 3069, 3070. Lady's Costume. This superb out-door costume consists of a redingote with embroidered front, and Directoire cape. It is most elegant, and can be made in any color or material. The pattern of redingote is cut in five sizes, thirty-two to forty inches bust measure, and requires seven yards material, forty-four inches wide, or ten yards, twenty-seven inches wide, for medium size. Price, thirty cents, any size. The Carrick cape is in five sizes, and requires one and one-quarter yards material, fifty-four inches wide, for medium size. Price, twenty-five cents, any size. No. 3059, Child's Coat.

(3059—3069—3070)



3032

3032.—Ladies' House-Dress. A very taking and dainty design for a house-dress is presented in this costume, which is one that can be adapted to such a variety of material that the design will be a favorite everywhere. It can be of silk in some chosen color, and with it a sash and velvet or silk yoke. The skirt is quite simple, with a deep flounce of lace over the skirt, which is bound at the foot with velvet of the same color as the sash and yoke. Cashmere could be used for this dress, veilings in pretty colors, or silk, and each is stylish and would be pretty. The pattern of the garment is in five sizes—thirty-two, thirty-four, thirty-six, thirty-eight, and forty inches bust measure. Six yards of material, forty-four inches wide for medium size. Price, thirty cents, any size.



3068

No. 3068.—Girl's Wrap. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, eight to twelve years old. Three yards material, fifty-four inches wide, or six yards, twenty-seven inches wide, for the medium size. Price, twenty-five cents, any size.



(3071—3060)

No. 3071.—Child's Dress. A very pretty little dress can be made after this model for a little girl in any suitable material. Figured blue and white flannel, and a dark red surah sash are used in the model. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from two to six years old, and requires two and three-quarter yards material, forty-four inches wide, or three and one-half yards, twenty-seven inches wide, for medium size. Price, twenty-five cents, any size.

No. 3060.—Baby's Dress. Cashmere, camel's hair or flannel, are suitable materials for this quaint little gown, which has a tuckered yoke, and several rows of tucking on the skirt for trimming. The pattern is cut in five sizes, from six months to four years old, and requires one and one-quarter yards material, forty-four inches wide, or one and five-eighths yards, thirty-six inches wide, for medium size. Price, twenty-five cents, any size.

No. 2982, 2979. This very elegant costume is made of gray mohair, and wine-colored veloutine, with a sash of wine-colored surah. The redingote is faced with pearl-gray twilled silk, and has a full vest front of the same. The skirt is of gray mohair, and is cut in deep vandyke points, under which the veloutine shows. The sleeves are gathered at top and bottom. The sash is draped in a loose and graceful form. The model can be made up in any seasonable goods, even being adapted to quite light fabrics. The pattern of the garment is cut in five sizes, thirty-two, thirty-four, thirty-six, thirty-eight, forty inches bust measure, and it requires three and one-half yards of goods, fifty-four inches wide, for medium size. Price, thirty cents, any size.



(2982—2979)

ANY OF THE FOREGOING WILL BE FURNISHED, POSTPAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, BY
JAMES McCALL & CO., 46 EAST 14th STREET, NEW YORK.

PATTERNS FOR FEBRUARY, 1890.

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by
JAMES McCALL & CO. [Limited]. 46 East 14th Street, New York.



Nos. 2473. — 2472.—Dinner Costume. Seldom is there seen a costume that is at once as rich and beautiful as this, and yet it is so simply fashioned that any lady who can sew at all, can make by the use of our patterns. The skirt has the front laid in fan-shaped plaits, these overlaid with three wide plaits on each side. Back of these are panels on each side, and they are trimmed by a flat band of Irish point lace, and these panels may be of plain or figured goods. The skirt is of silk in different shades of brown. The polonaise corsage is of velvet, or it may be of plush or even woolen goods if preferred. It is cut pompadour in the neck, and has elbow sleeves. The costume altogether is most suitable for grand dinners, and all full-dress occasions.

(2473 — 2472)



2822

No. 2822.—Child's Sailor Costume. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 years old. 4, 1-4 yards material, 44 inches wide for the medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



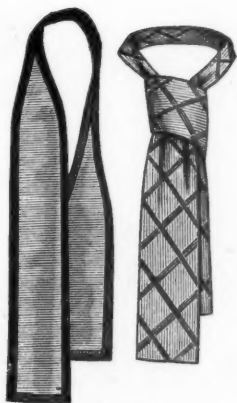
3084

No. 3084.—Girl's Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 6 to 10 years old. 3 yards of material, 44 inches wide, or 6 yards, 27 inches wide, 3.1-4 yards of wide and 6 yards of narrow velvet ribbon, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.

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3078

No. 3078.—Gent's Four-in-Hand Tie. The pattern of this tie is cut in one size. 1, 3-8 yards of 3, 1-4 inch ribbon. Price, 5 cents.



2762

Back and Front View.

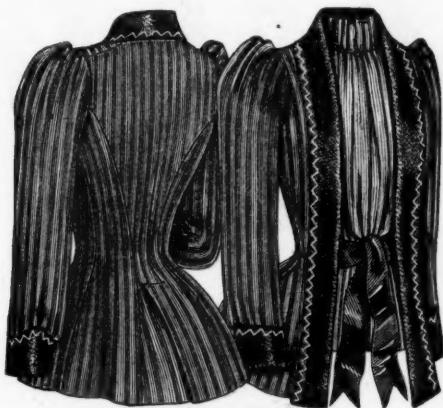
No. 2762.—Child's Costume. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 years old. 4 yards of material, 24 inches wide, and 10 buttons for the medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3085

Back and Front View.

No. 3085.—Child's Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 2 to 6 years old. 2, 1-4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 2, 1-2 yards 27 inches wide, and 3, 1-2 yards ribbon for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3072

Back and Front View.

No. 3072.—Lady's House Jacket. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 2, 1-4 yards of material, 44 inches wide, or 4, 1-4 yards, 27 inches wide, 1, 3-4 yards of silk and two yards of ribbon for the medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3077

No. 3077.—Gent's Dress Shirt Protector. The pattern of this protector is cut in one size. 1-2 of a yard of material, 34 inches wide. Price, 5 cents.



2587

No. 2587.—Lady's Muff. The pattern of this muff is cut in one size. 1-4 of a yard material, 24 inches wide, and 5-8 of a yard, 24 inches wide for the lining. Price, 10 cents.



3089

Back and Front View.

No. 3089.—Boy's Coat. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 2 to 6 years old. 2 yards of material, 54 inches wide, or 3, 3-4 yards, 27 inches wide, 7 large and 3 small buttons for the medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



2735

Back and Front View.

No. 2735.—Child's Apron. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 years old. 2, 1-8 yard material, 24 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 20 cents, any size.



2761

Back and Front View.

No. 2761.—Lady's Peasant Waist. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. 1, 1-4 yards material, 24 inches wide, and 5 yards of ribbon, for medium size. Price 25, cents, any size.



3086

No. 3086.—Infant's Boot. The pattern of this boot is cut in one size. 3-8 of a yard, 27 inches wide, for a pair of boots. Price, 10 cents.



3074

Back and Front View.

No. 3074.—Ladies Trimmed Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. 5, 1-4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 10 yards 27 inches wide and nine buttons for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.

ANY OF THE FOREGOING WILL BE FURNISHED, POSTPAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, BY
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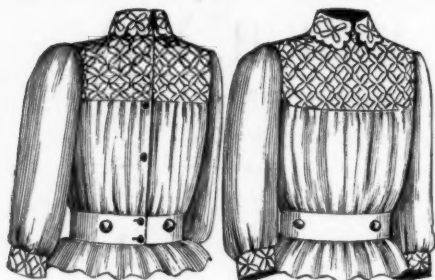
PATTERNS FOR MARCH, 1890.

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by
JAMES McCALL & CO. [Limited], 46 East 14th Street, New York.



2858

No. 2858.—Lady's Basque. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. One and one-half yards of material, 44 inches wide, for the medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.



2835

Back and Front View.

No. 2835.—Misses' Guimpe. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14 years old. Two yards of material, 36 inches wide, for the medium size. Price 15 cents, any size.



2991

Back and Front View.

No. 2991.—Lady's Basque. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. Two and one-half yards of material, 44 inches wide, for the medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.



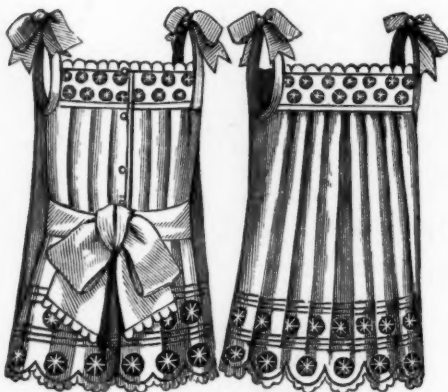
2994

Back and Front View.

No. 2994.—Child's Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 years old. Three and one-quarter yards material, 44 inches wide, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards for sash, for medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.



No. 2466.—Boy's Box-Pleated Coat. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 years old. 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards material, 54 inches wide, 1 buckle and 10 buttons for medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.



2916

Back and Front View.

No. 2916.—Child's Apron. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 years old. Two yards material, 36 inches wide, for the medium size. Price 20 cents, any size.



2948

Front and Back View.

No. 2948.—Boy's Suit. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 6 to 10 years old. Two yards material, 54 inches wide, for medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.



2725

Back and Front View.

No. 2725.—Lady's Basque. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. Three yards of material, 24 inches wide, and 6 buttons for medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.



No. 2162.—Lady's Side-Pleated Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. 10 yards material, 24 inches wide, for medium size. Price 35 cents, any size.



3007

No. 3007.—Lady's Sleeve. The pattern of this sleeve is cut in five sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. Three-quarters of a yard of material, 44 inches wide, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of trimming, for the medium size. Price 10 cents, any size.



3017

Back and Front View.

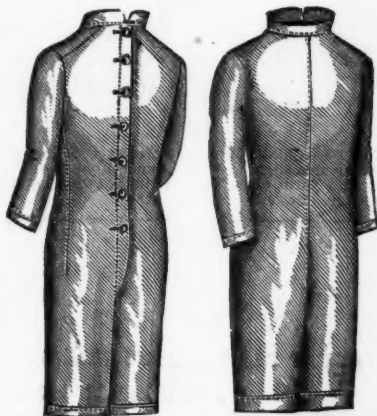
No. 3017.—Child's Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years old. Two and one-half yards material, 44 inches wide, for medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.



2984

Back and Front View.

No. 2984.—This dainty little gown is suitable for any little girl, and the model is made of dark-gray and pink washable silk, with a garniture of moss-green velvet. The design is also one that can be adapted to any of the cotton fabrics.



No. 1252.—Child's Under-Drawers. The pattern of this garment is cut in four sizes, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years old. $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards material, 24 inches wide, and 7 buttons for medium size. Price 30 cents, any size.



2998

No. 2998.—Child's Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12 years old, and requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material, 44 inches wide, for the medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.



2908

No. 2908.—Girls' Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12 years old. Three and one-half yards of material, 44 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yards silk, 22 inches wide, 4 large and 4 small buttons for the medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.

ANY OF THE FOREGOING WILL BE FURNISHED, POSTPAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, BY
JAMES McCALL & CO., 46 EAST 14th STREET, NEW YORK.

PATTERNS FOR APRIL, 1890.

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by

JAMES McCALL & CO. (Limited), 46 East 14th Street, New York.



No. 3033-3027. Lady's Costume. Any of the new spring goods are suitable for this costume, as are also the better grades of silks in black or colors.

The basque is directoire, cut after pattern No. 3033, which comes in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure, and requires two yards material, 44 inches wide, for medium size. Price 25 cents.

The skirt is after pattern No. 3027, and is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Eight and one-quarter yards material, 44 inches wide, for medium size. Price 30 cents.

(3033—3027)



2990

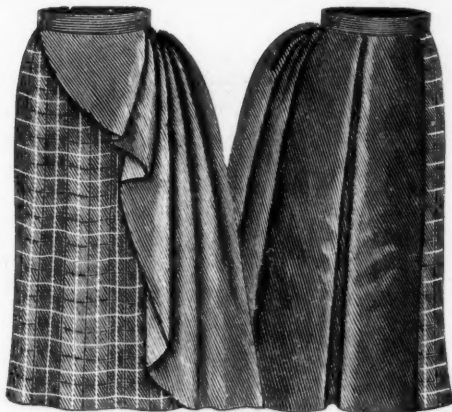
—No. 2990.—Lady's Morning Robe. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure, and requires five and three-quarter yards material, 44 inches wide, for medium size. Price 30 cents.



3044

Back and Front View.

No. 3044.—Girl's Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 8 to 12 years old. Four and a half yards material, 44 inches wide, or eight yards, 27 inches wide, and 16 buttons, for medium size. Price 25 cents.



3063

Right and Left Side View.

No. 3063.—Lady's Trimmed Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Six yards material, 44 inches wide, or ten yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price 30 cents, any size.



3037

Back and Front View

No. 3037.—Child's Dress. This little dress is designed to give the little ones a chance to look pretty in a dainty directoire style in miniature. The model was made of cashmere, striped gray and crimson, with sleeves, vest front, and skirt of crimson surah, and revers of dark gray velvet.

The pattern is cut in five sizes, 4 to 8 years, and requires three yards material, 44 inches wide for medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.



2732

Back and Front View.

No. 2732.—Lady's Jacket. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Four and one-quarter yards material, 24 inches wide, are required for medium size. Price 25 cents.



3050

Back and Front View.

No. 3050.—Lady's Cape. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. One and one-eighth yards material, 54 inches wide, and one-quarter of a yard of velvet for medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.



2561

Back View.

2561

Front View.

No. 2561.—Boy's Blouse. This garment is cut in five sizes, 6 to 10 years. For medium size, one and three-quarter yards material is used. Suitable for seaside or country. Price 25 cents, any size.



3010

No. 3010.—Girl's Dress. One of the daintiest and most maidenly designs of the season is to be found in this model, which is made in cashmere, with trimming of picot edge ribbon. Velvet in one wide bias band, or velvet ribbon may be substituted. Pattern comes in five sizes, 11 to 15 years old. Price, any size, 25 cents.



2997

No. 2997. Girl's Dress. This dainty little costume is of striped mohair, and has an apple-green surah vest. Gingham or any seasonable goods may be used.

Pattern comes in five sizes, 6 to 10 years. Three yards material, 44 inches wide, half a yard of velvet, and a half-yard of surah being required for medium size. Price 25 cents.

ANY OF THE FOREGOING WILL BE FURNISHED, POSTPAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, BY
JAMES MCCALL & CO., 46 EAST 14th STREET, NEW YORK.

PATTERNS FOR MAY, 1890.

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by

JAMES McCALL & CO. (Limited), 46 East 14th Street, New York.



Nos. 3112.—3110.—Lady's Costume. The exceedingly elegant and graceful design in this dress will instantly commend itself to any lady of refinement. The drapery is peculiarly beautiful and artistic. The style of the basque is also very artistic and designed to be useful to the largest number of ladies. The sleeves are in the approved modification of leg-o'-mutton style. The vest is of surah, and held with a buckle or can be fastened with a strap.

The model was made in gray twilled silk, trimmed with braided ornaments in dark brown, but it is adapted to a wide range of material and trimming, as well as to ladies of any figure.

No. 3112.—Lady's Basque. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 2, 1-4 yards of material, 44 inches wide, or 3, 1-2 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.

No. 3110.—Lady's Trimmed Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. 5, 1-2 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 11 yards, 27 inches wide, for the medium size. Price 30 cents, any size.

(3112—3110)



3123

Back and Front View.

No. 3123.—Lady's Jacket. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 2 yards of material, 54 inches wide, or 4 yards, 27 inches wide, and 15 buttons for the medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.



3107

Back and Front View.

No. 3107.—Lady's Trimmed Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. 6, 3-4 yards of material, 44 inches wide, or 11, 1-2 yards, 27 inches wide, for the medium size. Price 30 cents, any size.



3089

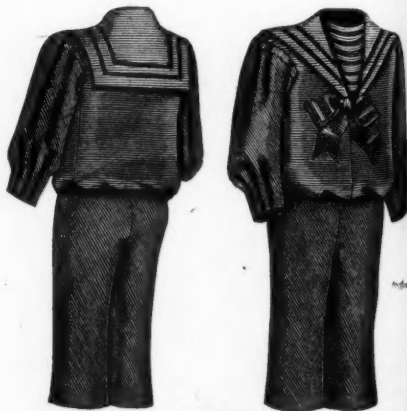
Back and Front View.

No. 3089.—Boy's Coat. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 2 to 6 years old. 2 yards of material 54 inches wide, or 3, 3-4 yards, 27 inches wide, 7 large and 3 small buttons for the medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.



3117

No. 3117.—Child's Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 4 to 8 years old. 3 yards of material, 44 inches wide, or 5 yards, 27 inches wide, for the medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.



3115

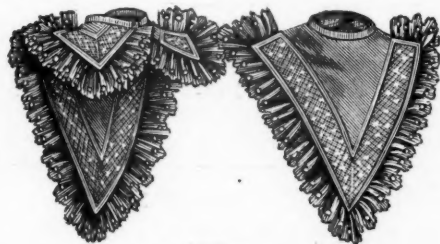
Back and Front View.

No. 3115.—Boy's Sailor Suit. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 6 to 10 years old. 2 yards of material, 27 inches wide, for the blouse, and 2, 1-3 yards, 27 inches wide, for the trousers, for the medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.



3109

No. 3109.—Misses' Costume. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 11 to 15 years old. 6, 1-4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 11, 1-4 yards, 27 inches wide, and 3 yards of velvet, for medium size. Price 30 cents, any size.



3120

No. 3120.—Child's Bib. The pattern of this bib is cut in one size. 1-2 yard of material, 24 inches wide, and 2, 1-4 yards of lace. Price 10 cents.



3113

No. 3113.—Girl's Costume. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 8 to 12 years old. 8, 1-2 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 5 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price 30 cents, any size.



3108

Back and Front View.

No. 3108.—Misses' Cape. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 11 to 15 years old. 1, 3-8 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 3 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.



3114

No. 3114.—Lady's Wrapper. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 7 yards of material, 44 inches wide, or 10,1-2 yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price 30 cents, any size.

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PATTERNS FOR JUNE, 1890.

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JAMES McCALL & CO. [Limited]. 46 East 14th Street, New York.



No. 3092.—L a d y ' s
Basque. The pattern of
this garment is cut in five
sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust
measure. 1, 3-4 yards ma-
terial, 44 inches wide or 2,
3-4 yards, 27 inches wide,
and 5, 1-2 yards ribbon for
medium size. Price, 25
cents, any size.

No. 3132.—L a d y ' s Trim-
med Skirt. The pattern
of this garment is cut in
five sizes, 22 to 30 inches
waist measure. 5, 1-2 yards
material, 44 inches wide,
or 8, 1-4 yards, 27 inches
wide, for medium size.
Price, 30 cents, any size.

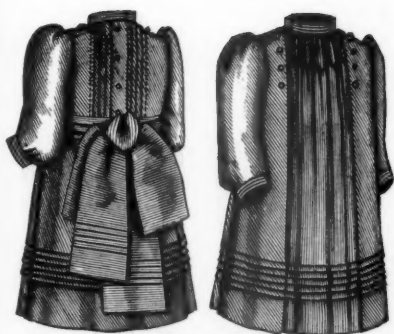
(3092—3132)



(3128—3125)

No. 3128.—Lady's Basque. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 2 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 3, 1-4 yards 27 inches wide. 1 yard velvet and 1 clasp for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.

No. 3125.—Lady's Trimmed Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. 7, 3-4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 10 yards 30 inches wide, and 10 yards ribbon velvet for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.



3017

Back and Front View.

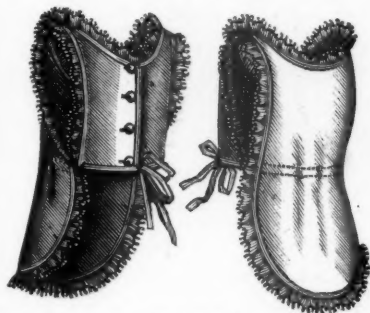
No. 3017.—Child's Dress. This pattern is in five sizes, 2 to 6 years old. 2, 1-2 yards material, 44 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3137

Back and Front View.

No. 3137.—Child's Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in 5 sizes, 2 to 6 years old. 2, 1-8 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 3, 3-4 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3141

Back and Front View.

No. 3141.—Child's Apron. The pattern of this garment is cut in one size, six months old. 3-4 yards material, 36 inches wide, and 4 yards lace for medium size. Price, 15 cents.



3133

No. 3133.—Child's Blouse. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 8 to 12 years old. 3 yards material 44 inches wide, or 4, 3-4 yards 27 inches wide, for medium size.



3128

Back and Front View.

No. 3128.—Lady's Basque. The pattern of this garment is cut in 5 sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 2 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 3, 1-4 yards 27 inches wide, 3 yards ribbon and 1 clasp for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3127

Back and Front View.

No. 3127.—Misses' Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 11 to 15 years old. 4, 3-4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 6, 1-2 yards 27 inches wide, and 15 yards ribbon velvet for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3140

Front and Back View.

No. 3140.—Lady's Princess Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 8 yards of material, 44 inches wide, or 10, 3-4 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 35 cents, any size.



3132

Back and Front View.

No. 3132.—Lady's Trimmed Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. 5, 1-2 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 8, 1-4 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.

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No. 2972.—Lady's Drapery. This pattern is in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Four yards material, 44 inches wide, for medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.

2972

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Nos. 3164, 3160.—
 Lady's Basque and Skirt.
 This costume is peculiarly
 elegant and graceful. Its
 greatest charm consists in
 the tasteful way in which
 the waist front is draped,
 which combines all the
 prettiest and most woman-
 ly parts of a draped waist,
 with the summery look of
 a white shirt front and
 mannish little collar and
 tie. The sides fall away
 under the rolling collar
 and revers like a little
 coat, and altogether it is a
 jaunty and dainty fancy.
 The skirt front can be
 white or colored as pre-
 ferred. This design is only
 suitable for first-class
 goods. Common material
 would be out of place.
 The style is suitable for
 all ages. The skirt is very
 handsome, though simple,
 and is very slightly draped.



(3164—3160)



Nos. 3162, 2979.—
 Lady's Home Costume.
 The girlishness and simplicity of this dainty home dress are its chief charms, and it is adapted to the widest range of material and combination in trimming. It can be of wool in any weight or color and trimmed with plaid, with velvet, with silk, or with embroidered bands, or it can be made of muslin and trimmed with lace or embroidered bands. Of silk or surah it can have bias bands and other trimmings of the tartan plaid surahs. The waist is made separate from the skirt, and has a wide belt fastened with a large buckle, which is in metal to match the color of this dress, as nearly as may be. The sleeves should be to contrast with the dress.

(3162—2979)



3032

Back and Front View.

No. 3032.—Lady's House Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. Six yards material, 44 inches wide, for medium size. Price 30 cents, any size.



2823

Back and Front View.

No. 2823.—Lady's Basque. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. One and three-quarters yards material, 44 inches wide, for the medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.



2405 Lady's Bathing Costume. The pattern of this garment is cut in three sizes, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. 8½ yards material, 24 inches wide, and 58 buttons for medium size. Price 30 cents, any size.



3173

Back and Front View.

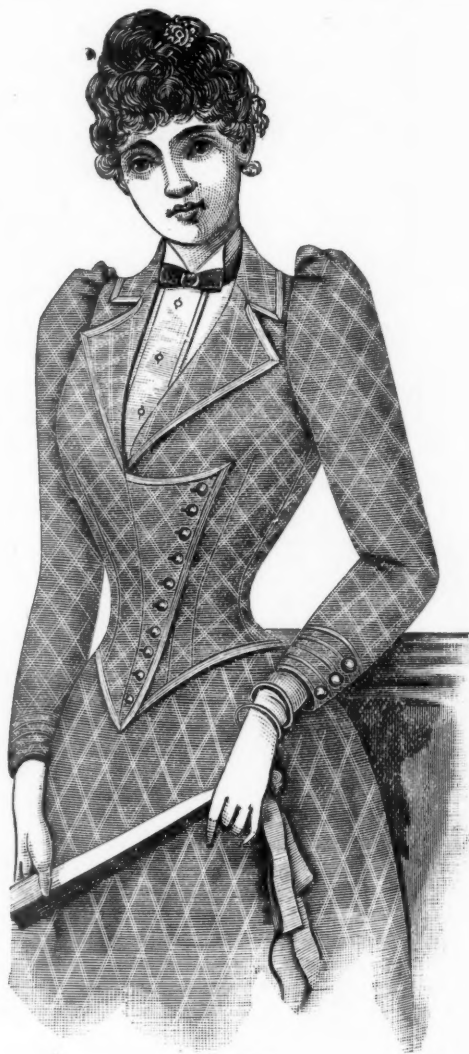
No. 3173.—Lady's Blazer. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. One and five-eighths yards of material, 44 inches wide, or two and three-quarters yards 27 inches wide, for the medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.

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PATTERNS FOR AUGUST, 1890.

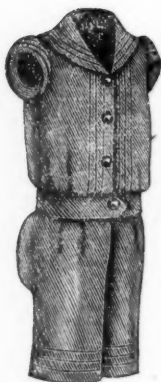
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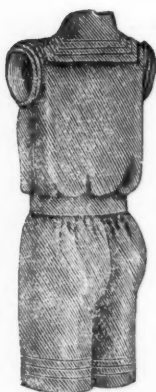
3177

No. 3177.—Lady's Basque. This is a very neat and attractive model for a basque and is a happy medium between the masculine styles now in vogue for ladies, and the extreme fancifulness on the other hand that seems to possess some minds. The stylish coat collar and dainty shirt front have a very novel and pretty effect, which is heightened by the double-breasted lower part of the corsage. The shirt front can be of white linen, piqué or surah, but white linen is more suitable than anything for the purpose. It is bound tailor fashion with braid, and should be tailor finished everywhere to achieve the best results. This design has the merit of being as suitable for the street as for a house dress, and it can be made of any firm material in wash goods as well as any woolen or silken fabrics.



2540

Front View.



2540

Back View.

No. 2540.—Child's Bathing Suit. The pattern of this garment is cut in three sizes, 4, 6 and 8 years old. 2 1-2 yards material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards braid, and 6 buttons for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3028

Back and Front View.

No. 3028.—Misses' Trimmed Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15 years old. 4 3-4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 9 1-2 yards, 27 inches wide, and 11 yards of ribbon velvet, for the medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



2958

Back and Front View.

No. 2958.—Lady's Long Cloak. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. 5 yards material, 54 inches wide, 3-4 yards velvet and 3 yards ribbon, for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.



3007

No. 3007.—Lady's Sleeve. The pattern of this sleeve is cut in five sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. 3-4 of a yard of material, 44 inches wide, and 1 1-8 yards of trimming, for the medium size. Price, 10 cents, any size.



3171

Back and Front View.

No. 3171.—Misses' Jacket. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 11 to 15 years old. 2 3-8 yards of material, 51 inches wide, or 4 5-8 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3145

Back and Front View.

No. 3145.—Lady's Waist. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 1 3-4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or three yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 20 cents, any size.



3175

Back and Front View.

No. 3175.—Lady's Waist. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 1 3-4 yards of material, 44 inches wide, or 3 1-4 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3162

Back and Front View.

No. 3162.—Lady's Waist. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 2 1-4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 3 1-2 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3168

No. 3168.—Girl's Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 4 to 8 years old. 2 3-8 yards of material, 44 inches wide, or 3 3-4 yards, 27 inches wide, and 4 yards of embroidery for the medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3164

Back and Front View.

No. 3164.—Lady's Basque. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 2 3-8 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 3 3-4 yards 27 inches wide, for the medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.

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PATTERNS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1890.

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JAMES McOALL & CO. (Limited), 46 East 14th Street, New York.



No.3187.—Lady's Waist.
5 sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust
measure. 1 5 8 yards ma-
terial, 44 inches wide, or 2
1-2 yards 27 inches wide,
for medium size. Price, 25
cents, any size.

No.3188.—Lady's Walk-
ing Skirt. 5 sizes, 22 to
30 inches waist measure.
3 3-4 yards material, 44
inches wide, or 6 1-4 yards
27 inches wide, for medium
size. Price, 30 cents, any
size.



3186

Back and Front View.

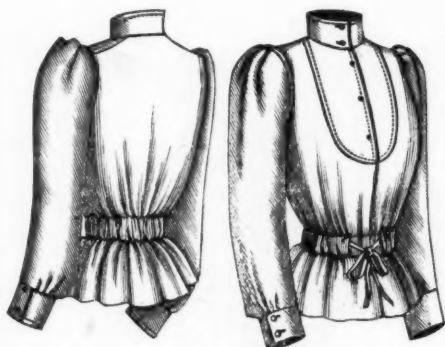
No. 3186.—Lady's Costume. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 8 1-4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 10 3-4 yards 27 inches wide, for the medium size. Price, 40 cents, any size.



3180

Back and Front View.

No. 3180.—Misses' Jacket. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 11 to 15 years old. 1 3-8 yards material, 54 inches wide, or 2 3-4 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3178

Back and Front View.

No. 3178.—Misses' Henley Shirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 11 to 15 years old. 1 5-8 yards material, 36 inches wide, for the medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3179

Back and Front View.

No. 3179.—Misses' Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 11 to 15 years old. 3 3-4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 6 1-2 yards, 27 inches wide for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3174

No. 3174.—Misses' Blazer. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 11 to 15 years old. 1 3-8 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 2 1-2 yards 27 inches wide, for the medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3188

Front and Back View.

No. 3188.—Lady's Walking Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. 3 3-4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 6 1-4 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.



3176

Back and Front View.

No. 3176.—Lady's Divided Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. 3 yards material, 36 inches wide, and 3 1-2 yards of lace for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3170

Back and Front View.

No. 3170.—Child's Apron. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 4 to 8 years old. 3 1-4 yards of material, 36 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 20 cents, any size.



3184

Back and Front View.

No. 3184.—Child's Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 6 to 10 years old. 3 7-8 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 6 yards, 27 inches wide, and 3 1-4 yards embroidery for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3182

Back and Front View.

No. 3182.—Child's Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 6 to 10 years old. 2 3-4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 4 1-2 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.

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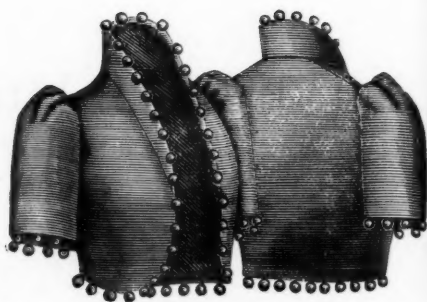
3218

No. 3218.—Child's Coat. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 6 to 10 years old. $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards material, 54 inches wide, or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3212

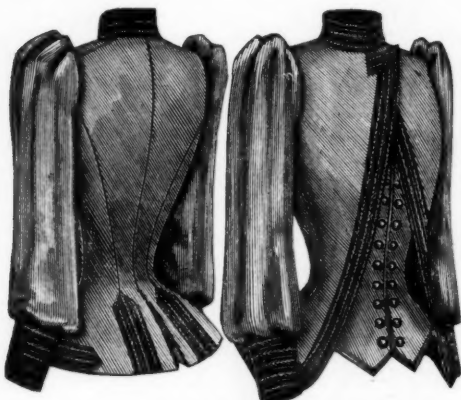
No. 3212.—Lady's Cape. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards material, 54 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3204

Front and Back View.

No. 3204.—Lady's Zouave Jacket. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 1 yard material, 44 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3195

Back and Front View.

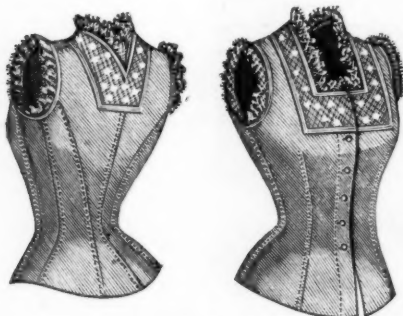
No. 3195.—Lady's Jacket with Vest. Five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3214

Back and Front View.

No. 3214.—Lady's Walking Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. 4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.



3144

Back and Front View.

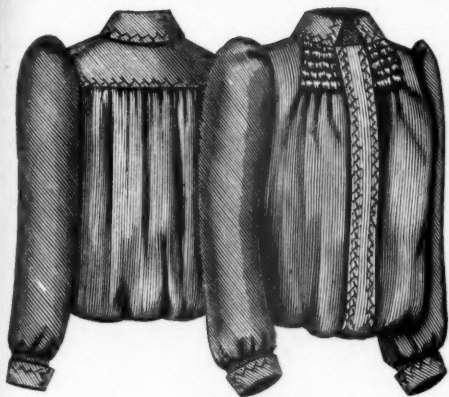
No. 3144.—Lady's Corset Cover. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3217

Back and Front View.

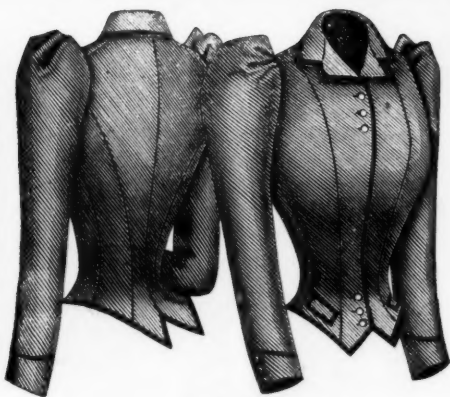
No. 3217.—Boy's Jacket. Five sizes, 6 to 10 years old. $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards material, 54 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3209

Back and Front View.

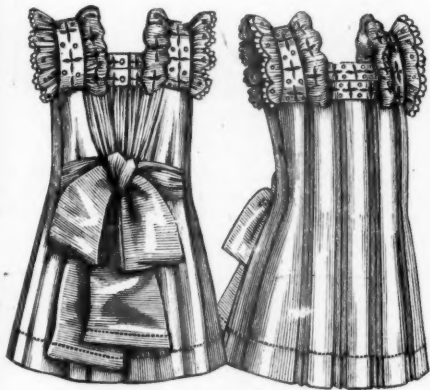
No. 3209.—Lady's Blouse. Five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards material, 36 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3206

Back and Front View.

No. 3206.—Lady's Basque. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 44 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3191

Back and Front View.

No. 3191.—Child's Apron. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 2 to 6 years old. 2 yards material, 36 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 20 cents, any size.



3224

Back and Front View.

No. 3224.—Lady's Walking Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.



3205

No. 3205.—Child's Costume. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 3 to 7 years old. $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards, 27 inches wide, for the medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3114

Back and Front View.

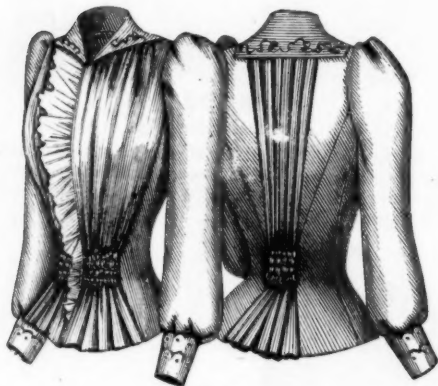
No. 3114.—Misses' Dress. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 11 to 15 years old. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3093

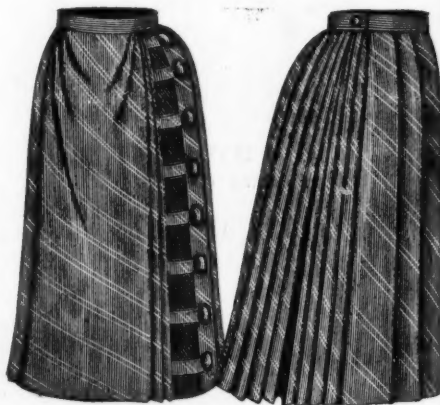
Back and Front View.

No. 3093.—Lady's Wrapper. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards material, 44 inches wide, or $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards, 36 inches wide, for the medium size. Price, 80 cents, any size.



3226

No. 3226.—Lady's Waist. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 3 yards material, 36 inches wide, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards embroidery, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3161

Front and Back View.

No. 3161.—Lady's Trimm'd skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material, 44 inches wide, or 13 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.

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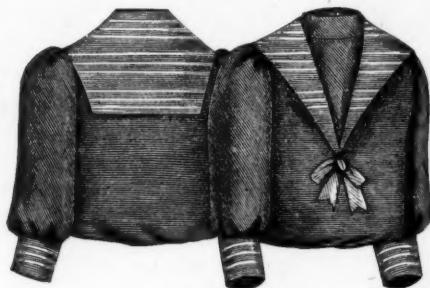
3250

No. 3250.—Girl's Cloak. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 6 to 10 years old. 2 7-8 yards material, 54 inches wide, or 6 1-4 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3260

No. 3260.—Lady's Cloak. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 6 3-4 yards material, 54 inches wide, or 13 1-2 yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.



3246

No. 3246.—Boy's Blouse. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 4 to 8 years old. 2 3-8 yards material, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 20 cents, any size.



3257-3214

No. 3257.—Lady's Basque. Five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 2 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 4 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.

No. 3214.—Lady's Walking Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure, 4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 6 7-8 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.

3255-3256

No. 3255.—Lady's Basque. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 2 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 3 1-4 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.

No. 3256.—Lady's Walking Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure, 6 3-4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 8 1-4 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.



3249

No. 3249.—Child's Cloak. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 2 to 6 years old. 2 1-4 yards material, 54 inches wide, or 3 3-4 yards 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3259

No. 3259.—Lady's Jacket. This pattern is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 1 5-8 yards of material, 54 inches wide, or 3 1-4 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3258

No. 3258.—Lady's Jacket. Five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 1 3-4 yards material, 54 inches wide, or 3 1-2 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3248

No. 3248.—Child's Cloak. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 2 to 6 years old. 1 3-4 yards material, 54 inches wide, or 3 1-2 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3251

No. 3251.—Girl's Coat. Five sizes, 8 to 12 years old. 2 1-4 yards material 54 inches wide, or 4 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3244

No. 3244.—Lady's Cape. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 3-4 yards material, 54 inches wide, or 1 1-4 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3261

No. 3261.—Lady's Walking Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. 4 3-8 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 7 1-2 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.



3256

No. 3256.—Lady's Walking Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. 6 3-4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 8 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.



3252

No. 3252.—Misses' Dress. Five sizes, 11 to 15 years old. 3 3-4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 7 1-2 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 25 cents, any size.



3214

Back and Front View.

No. 3214.—Lady's Walking Skirt. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 22 to 30 inches waist measure. 4 yards material, 44 inches wide, or 6 7-8 yards, 27 inches wide, for medium size. Price, 30 cents, any size.



3086

No. 3086.—Infant's Boot. One size, 3-8 yard, 27 inches wide for pair boots. Price, 10 cents.

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